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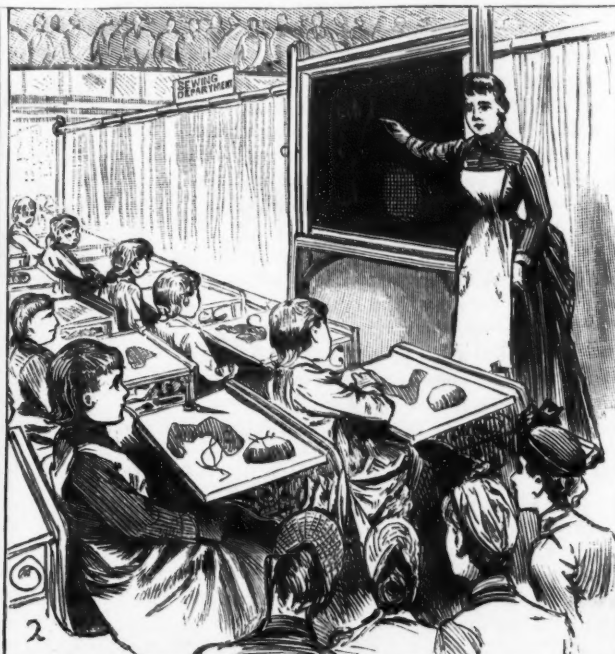
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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1. BLACKSMITHING. 2. SEWING CLASS. 3. COOKING DEPARTMENT OF THE GIRLS' NORMAL SCHOOL.

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE NEW MOVEMENT FOR THE PRACTICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN—INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF PHILADELPHIA, HELD AT HORTICULTURAL HALL, MAY 8TH-12TH.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 215.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MAY 19, 1888.

WANTED—A REPUBLICAN LEADER.

WE believe it safe to assume that Mr. Blaine is unwilling to subject himself to the great strain of another campaign for the Presidency. It is probable that the nomination could be his if he earnestly desired it, and it is clear that certain of his friends are bent upon putting him in nomination. But if we are to accept Mr. Blaine's own utterances, we must consider him out of the field. The selection of a Republican candidate, therefore, has become a matter of immediate and vital importance. It is not too much to say that the continued existence of the Republican party as a dominant factor in our politics depends upon its choice of a leader. What qualities should such a leader possess in order to win the confidence of the people?

This serious question has been answered in general terms by the Republicans of Illinois, who recently resolved that "the needed change of administration can be accomplished by the selection of a candidate whose courage, character and record command universal confidence, and who will concentrate the united and enthusiastic support of the whole Republican party. We must have an aggressive, not a defensive, campaign." It will not do to repeat the experiment of 1876, and select a man unknown to the voters of the country. The candidate must have taken no uncertain part in our public life. Military renown is by no means necessary, nor perhaps desirable, but the candidate must be one whose best efforts were for the preservation of the Union, and also one who recognized that the war between the North and South ended at Appomattox. The bloody-shirt policy is not only indefensible in principle, but it is also shortsighted, since it inevitably keeps solid a South which might otherwise be divided on the tariff issue, and tends to cause division in the North. There are serious problems unsettled in the South, but the South and time must be left to work them out. There is no issue here which appeals to the rank and file of American voters, of whom one-seventh have been born since the war, which took place when two-sevenths more were in infancy. But there is an important issue in the question whether a protective tariff shall be continued or abolished. The candidate of the Republican party must show a record of consistent advocacy of protection for American industries, but a record free from bigotry. That is, he must be willing to acknowledge the evil of an enormous surplus in the Treasury, and he must favor a judicious reduction in the tariff, always keeping in mind the necessity of protection for industries which need such care. This involves consideration of the question of the protection of American workmen, and indeed of all classes, against the importation of pauper labor under contract, and the immigration of those likely to add to the number of the dependent, of criminals, and of those seeking to substitute anarchy for law and order. We already have restrictive legislation, but the Republican candidate must have seriously considered these questions, and be prepared to suggest further remedies and see to their application.

It will not be safe for the Republican party to nominate a man who has been carried away by the Greenback craze in the past, or who is on record as favoring the unlimited coinage of silver. An unflinching support of honest money is a prime requisite. It will not be safe to nominate a man affiliated with Trusts or any great corporate interests which have used their power to obtain wrongful concessions from the Government and to oppress the public. Demagogism will be fatal to any candidate; but the Republican candidate must have proved by his record that he is on the side of the people against the invasions of their property by land-grant railroads or timber thieves, or the disregard of their rights by combinations of capital seeking control of staples like oil and coal. The candidate must be one pledged to justice and to an economical administration of the Government, and this means the possession of courage sufficient to withstand the pension-grabbing schemes which some Republicans have shown a willingness to encourage. The dangerous doctrine that the Government is to become a lavish distributor of money amassed by over-taxation must not be encouraged by the next Republican candidate. He must have a record of opposition to extravagance of whatever form. He must have courage enough to administer the Government on sound business principles, and to resist the demands which will be made upon him, if elected, to use the Civil Service as a means of rewarding partisans. Hayes and Garfield yielded to this pressure. The next Republican candidate must be made of sterner stuff, and must be able to demonstrate that the Republican and not the Democratic party is the party of reform.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Republican candidate should be one who appreciates the evils of the liquor traffic, and who has not been afraid to go on record as favoring its restraint. It may be urged that this is not an issue in national politics; but it has become one of the

great issues of the day, and the Republican party cannot afford to disregard its importance. The candidate should stand ready to maintain the Monroe Doctrine, and to use his influence in favor of the allotment of lands in severalty to Indians and their encouragement in a self-education leading to citizenship. He should favor the development of shipping interests, a prompt and equitable settlement of our dispute with Canada, and the honest building up of a moderate navy and system of coast defenses.

But upon minor questions we need not enter. The Republican party needs as a leader a man of stainless record, free from affiliations either with "practical" politicians or unjust monopolies—a man who has taken part in public affairs and proved himself to be a man of convictions, of strong individuality, of signal ability, of principle and of courage. With such a leader, whose personality would be an assurance that he would do his utmost to make party professions realities, and with the mistakes of a Democratic administration fresh in mind, the Republican party would inspire a degree of popular confidence which would, as we believe, considering the whole matter from a non-partisan standpoint, go far towards winning it the victory in the coming contest.

METHODISTS AND THE WOMAN QUESTION.

NO agency of the century has been more powerful in bringing woman forward in moral and religious movements than the Methodist Church. Contrary to the commonly accepted interpretation of the Bible, contrary to the sentiment of the general Church, Methodism has bidden the women to testify in public, to lead in prayer in the congregation, and to be aggressive in all moral and religious reforms. The vote of the General Conference on May 7th, excluding the five women delegates applying for admission, was no depreciation of woman's work or claims. It was simply a cold question of law to be decided by the reason and facts, and not one of sentiment to be settled by the heart.

The great Methodist Church is governed by a little book called the Discipline, about as long and wide and thick as an ordinary man's hand. It has no Constitution for the Church. The Church at the start had no ambition to be anything but a society related to the Church of England, and laid no constitutional foundation for the great independent Church it has since become. The wisest leaders of the Church now see the need of adopting a Constitution. The Discipline, however, gives the General Conference a Constitution, a part of which defines its duties, while the other part—the "Restrictive Rules"—places limitations on its powers. These restrictive rules can only be changed by a concurrence of the Annual Conferences and one General Conference. These rules at first allowed ministers as members; then were changed to admit delegates from the Annual Conferences; and in 1868-'72 were made to include the lay members of the Quarterly Conferences. The advocates of the women claim that the term laymen includes women. But women were not legal members of the Quarterly Conference in 1872, and could not be included in the constitutional change. The Bishops in their address, the members of the committee and a majority of the delegates agree that the question must be sent back to the Annual Conferences for their voice in the matter, like any other constitutional question, and then the General Conference of 1892 may make the change if it please. The close vote—clergymen, 159 against and 122 for; laymen, 78 against and 76 for admission—shows that the next General Conference will probably give woman a place in the lawmaking body of the Church. If there had been no constitutional barrier, the women would possibly have been admitted now by a two-thirds majority.

GROWTH IN HOUSEHOLD TASTE.

"HAPPY are they," says Benedict, "who hear their detractors, and can put them to mending." When the late Mr. Matthew Arnold invited us to behold our national shortcomings in the mirror of his pellucid English, it was really not worth our while to rail at the likeness we saw. To grow red and make up faces would not improve the portrait; and candor must admit that it failed to do us justice, not in what was set down, but in what was left out.

In the last twenty years, for example, we have made a great advance in household taste and art. No nation in the world has, to-day, so many tasteful and refined homes, belonging to persons of moderate means. It was inevitable, indeed, that the first flowering of the sense of beauty should take that form in America.

Sculpture, painting and architecture made pagan Rome so splendid, that all our modern splendor is cheapened in the comparison. But its poor died in hecatombs, of ignorance, filth and cruelty. The Rome of the sixteenth century was again the capital of art. But it was the Church and the great nobles who created and owned this magnificence, and not the plain people. In England, to-day, the great places that make it famous in architecture and landscape-gardening are hereditary, or the appanage of enormous wealth. The possessors of small incomes, salaried men, professional men, if they have much material comfort, have, as a rule, little external beauty in their lives.

In America, the art which first flourishes must aim at

the benefit of the million, and domestic architecture is already becoming a general artistic success. Every fifth man promises himself a home of his own, as his reward, solace and encouragement. If he cannot afford it in town, he migrates to the country. For miles around all our large cities there are thousands of pretty, comfortable, sufficient habitations, each with its allotment of grass and shrubbery. Of course, there has been much building that was fantastic, unsuitable, ludicrously ambitious. But that order represented a phase, and, at its worst, was the prophecy of better things. As we found out that architecture was not a costly superfluity, to be considered when actual necessities were provided for, but rather the very soul of the house, which should give fit form to its bricks or timbers, we began to develop a fine order of construction indigenous to our soil.

When the house is done, its fittings and furnishings ought to be worthy of it. But to be truly expressive of American ideas, they must not be too expensive; for the theory of republicanism is that the worthy ends of life—culture and refinement—are attainable without wealth. The mad haste to be rich, which not Mr. Arnold alone, but the sober-minded among ourselves deplore, as a national characteristic, springs largely, no doubt, from that awakening but still ignorant love of the beautiful which supposes its price to be money. The more widely the gospel of good taste is disseminated, the sooner will the undue value we set on wealth be corrected.

In reality, cost has little relation to beauty. Honesty of purpose, grace of form, fitness of color, are the essentials. A kitchen-bench may be artistic if made in the manner and of the material exactly adapted to its use. The costliest parlor-chair will be inartistic if too fine to be sat upon.

Our houses grow daily more attractive and more interesting. And they have need to do so, for they must mean to us what his temples and gymnasia meant to the Greek. As he learned his citizenship in them, so our children learn theirs in their homes. As these homes are bald or beautiful, they dwarf or ennoble their inmates. We grow in culture. Year by year we set our standard a little higher. But we ought to be satisfied only when we reach the ideal of that tender critic, Emerson, who said of the home, "It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves; to be the shelter always open to the Good and the true."

THE POLITICAL STATE OF CANADA.

THE present session of the Dominion Parliament will probably close about the 20th inst. Its chief claim to historical record will be the debates on the Fishery Treaty; on unrestricted reciprocity with the United States, with the adoption of this as a plank in the political platform of the Liberal party; and the abolition of the monopoly held by the Canada Pacific Railway. The Administration, of course, with its ample majority, found no difficulty in carrying out its policy, and it is extremely doubtful whether the next session will show any great change in the numerical strength of either party, notwithstanding the adoption of a new party cry by the Opposition.

If commercial union has not made much headway in Canada, it is not for the want of booming. Erastus Winan has had able coadjutors, and two of the leading journals in that country, one, until recently, the organ of the Conservatives, and the other still the principal Liberal newspaper, have been for over a year persistent advocates of the cause of commercial union with this country. It would be untrue to say that such an advocacy has been unproductive of results. Doubtless at the present moment the great majority of Canadian Liberals, as well as many Conservatives, are in favor of the abolition of those customs barriers which prevent unrestricted trade between the two countries. When it is argued that such an intimate trade relationship would eventually result in annexation, the advocates of the project, while disputing the assumption, show that they do not regard such a final consummation as anything to be dreaded by Canadians.

Simultaneously with this movement looking towards Washington, rather than to London, is that of imperial federation, which, though projected years ago, has only been regarded seriously in Canada since the scheme of commercial union began to engage the public attention. Whether such a union between the colonies and the mother country is practicable or not, is subject to doubt, but that something of this kind must shortly take place if Great Britain is to retain her colonies is conceded by thoughtful statesmen in Great Britain, Canada and the Australian colonies.

It can scarcely be claimed that even the Conservatives (regarded as the party of loyalty) are prepared to make many sacrifices in behalf of the mother country, when they discriminate so largely against her in the tariff, and that the majority of the Liberals would be prepared to make still fewer is not surprising, when it is considered that they chose as their leader one who stated that it was an object of his ambition to shoulder a musket in support of an armed resistance to his own country. If loyalty to Canada scarcely exists, how could loyalty to Great Britain be deemed possible on the part of such native-born Canadians?

Canada is now in the transition stage of its development as a nation. The old feeling of loyalty to the mother country is dying out among the people, and has not been superseded by love for their native land. Hence the anomalous state of political feeling in that country at the present time. It is evidence of a very unhealthy public sentiment when allegiance to party counts for more than the claims of patriotism. One singular fact in connection with the agitation in Canada for unrestricted trade with this country, is that the Canadian advocates of the policy assume the entire willingness of the Americans to grant them free trade whenever they desire it.

GOVERNOR HILL'S VETO OF HIGH LICENSE.

IN his desperate efforts to save some part of his hold upon voters, Governor Hill has done a serious injury to his party, while he has lost for himself far more than he has gained. His veto of the High-license Bill was foolish, judged by the standard of mere policy. Rumors do not control this State, and the people will see to it



that they are not allowed to do so. The growing sentiment in favor of restrictive temperance legislation is universal. High License has been successful elsewhere, and its adoption in New York cannot be long delayed. If Governor Hill were the shrewd politician he claims to be, he would have heeded the signs of the times and looked further ahead. This implies a low standard of judgment; but nobody expects that a high standard would be understood by a wretched trader in votes like Governor Hill. He has delivered himself over, body and soul, to the liquor interest, and his message contains no plausible excuse. This Bill was drawn to meet his last year's objections, but the Governor eats his own words in complaining that the Bill was not an amendment but an independent enactment; and his objections that the fees are too high, and that there is a discrimination against beer-sellers, simply show the desperation of a demagogue seeking to invent excuses for an action which is only characteristic of the best friend the rum-sellers have had at Albany. After carefully reading the veto message, we fail to find a single legitimate reason for the Governor's action. His vague references to the evils of the liquor traffic are twaddle which would not deceive a child. He and the friends who agree with him have made a serious mistake, and the Republicans will reap the advantage. In the long run, popular sentiment favors decency and honesty, and the day is not far distant when Governor Hill will be swept out, with other malodorous rubbish, and dumped on the dust-heap of oblivion.

### "THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME."

PEOPLE who have anything that in any degree savors of honor in their compositions hate a man who "cries baby" when he gets into trouble. There are plenty more who despise a man who pleads from the arms of the police or from before the barred door of his house: "It was the woman's fault! She wanted me to do so and so, and I wanted to please her." How many there are, though, who take particular pride in mortifying themselves, who are eager to plead for a friend that "it was not his fault; that he got into some unpleasant scrape"! Why, pray, should a man excuse in others what he would not excuse in himself? And why, pray, should any one regard it as comforting that his friend was the "tool" of some cleverer person? There is something so grand in the matter of personal responsibility, that any one who has felt it will never willingly give it up; and there is something so petty and mewing in the cry of the male or the female catpaw, that it is positively maddening to hear them argue. Who wants to know a man that has not stamina enough to decide for himself whether to do a thing or not to do it? Who would want to love a woman who was incapable of deciding for herself her course in life? No decent woman would willingly marry a man who was so eminently fitted for a Canadian life, as any man certainly is who cannot stand for himself first, last and always in the matter of either morality or good taste. As for a man who will choose for his wife a woman who cannot be a law unto herself against the wiles of any tempter going, he richly deserves all he gets.

There are worse things in this world than being bound in any sort of partnership to a human being that enforces a word with a blow now and then, and perhaps comes home with somebody else's property in pocket. One of these worse things is a namby-pamby man, who can't say "No" to a proffer of cake that is bound to give him dyspepsia, until his wife or her mother has shaken her head. By the side of a man like that, the black-masked pirate of the eighteenth century would be a diamond-crusted, blue silk pajamahed prize!

### A HIGHER STANDARD.

RECENT events in our politics, and revelations of the rottenness of public officials, are certainly calculated to make all good citizens ask themselves whether it is not time to act, and to act steadily, on the principle that character must be the first requirement in a candidate for office. The available man has had his turn long enough, always to the positive, sometimes to the irremediable damage of the community. It is not a Republican nor a Democrat that is wanted, but an honest Republican or an honest Democrat. When the demand is seriously made by the people, it will be easy to find the men, for they are numerous enough in both parties. If they are not sought for, the reason is not far off. Good citizens do not take the matter to heart. They talk about it, and sometimes talk with vigor, but they do not set about to cure it with energy, as they do to stop a leak in the roof, or to get their dinner when they are hungry. If they believed in the necessity of an honest Administration half as firmly as they do in pushing their own business, the public service would be a model.

Republics and monarchies are alike in this: they have the administration they are fit to have. Nothing is more easy than to blame the politicians, who surely deserve a great deal of blame; but how are the politicians supported? Good men, who think it little less than blasphemy to call for "whisky straight," take their ticket straight when it comes to voting, and go home to sleep the sleep of the righteous.

This is a responsibility that comes home to thousands upon thousands, and until these wake up to feel their responsibility and to face their imperative duty in the matter, there will be no change for the better in public affairs, wring our hands as we may. It is not even our neighbor's house—it is our own house that is on fire, and there is but one way to save it. Honest men must be up and doing, for time presses.

### UNNATURAL SELECTION.

THE infamous conduct of which the invading whites have been guilty ever since they first came into contact with the aborigines of this hemisphere is topped off with the grotesque brutality reported (apparently on unquestionable authority) from Brazil. It seems that a syndicate of thieves, armed with official franchises and patents, coveted the land on which resided the peaceful and friendly Indians of Paraupanema. So, seeking and easily finding an excuse, while trying to "arrest" one of the Indians, they made a violent assault on the principal village and frightened the residents away—some thousands in all. The invaders then poured strychnine into the wells and stores of provisions, and quietly withdrew, leaving everything apparently as it was when they entered.

A few days later they returned to see how the scheme of murder had succeeded. Success was perfect. As they approached the town they observed clouds of vultures and buzzards hovering over the place, still coming to the unholy feast, and on entering the village they found 3,000 corpses of the poor natives exposed to beasts and birds of prey. As many more were slain by similar methods in other parts of Brazil, and still, at last accounts, the awful slaughter went on.

The authors of these nameless horrors boast of their work, it is said; as Pizarro boasted of his infamous three and a half centuries ago, and as Cortez, after baptizing 2,600 people in the fore-

noon, would, with equal zest, put 5,000 to the sword in the afternoon. Joaquin Buono, the leader of these Brazilian fiends, does not indeed claim, as Cortez did, that his crime is committed in the very name of Christianity; but it is the outcome of the very same moral blindness that seems to afflict the European whenever he comes in contact with the red men of the Western Continent. If Dom Pedro is the man he is said to be—a really enlightened sovereign—he will investigate this shocking slaughter, and mete out to its perpetrators proper, if not adequate, punishment.

THERE is no politics in the Bill prepared by the Indian Rights Association to establish courts for the Indians on the various reservations, and extend the protection of the laws of States and Territories over all Indians. We need not enter into the details of the Bill, but it is a measure which is just, and is calculated to aid the work begun in the Dawes Severalty Bill. Congress should attend to this measure before it is forgotten in the excitement of the tariff fight and the campaign.

THE unnecessary death of patients under treatment by "Faith-cure" and "Christian science" is becoming alarmingly frequent—especially as they are cases of tumors, etc., which surgical science knows how to cure. If enthusiasts would limit their experiments to hysterics and nervous diseases, which doubtless do largely depend on mental conditions, harm might not result. But when a person with a cancer, a fractured skull or a broken leg is treated to this fantastic "remedy" and left to die, those who are responsible for the neglect ought to be arrested as accessory to homicide.

GENERAL BLACK's boom for the nomination as Vice-president with Cleveland seems to undergo no reverses. It is claimed by his friends that he is from the right locality—the border-line between Indiana and Illinois; that he fought all through the war, and was shot to pieces by Confederate bullets, one of which still keeps a wound open and makes him unable to dress himself; and that he is the most eloquent speaker on the Democratic side. He is a handsome, swarthy man, with a memory that recalls everybody he ever knew, and a genial and buoyant nature that combines with rare picturesqueness of language to make him a favorite raconteur.

THE Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has refused to interfere with the decisions of the License Court in Philadelphia, as requested by a number of saloon-keepers who, although of good reputation, had been refused licenses. The decision of the court of last resort has caused great depression among the liquor-dealers, who are unable, apparently, to understand how any court can dare to defy the power which has so long been absolute in our cities. In New Jersey, too, where the saloon has also lost its grip, there is widespread consternation among its adherents over the fact that the authorities are vigorously enforcing the new law prohibiting Sunday selling; and in several other States there is a marked awakening of public sentiment in opposition to further domination by the liquor traffic.

WHATEVER may be the fate of "The Great Cryptogram," it will not be denied that Ignatius Donnelly is one of the most brilliant men that this country has produced. He is a scholar of large attainments, of unwearying patience and of utmost sincerity. It is inconceivable that he has been guilty of the tomfoolery of inventing a story and then imposing it upon Shakespeare's plays for the sake of a transient notoriety, to be followed by perpetual infamy. It is much more probable to those who have examined the alleged cipher that he, himself, has been deceived, and that the cipher does not exist. His rule for obtaining the significant words seems to be capricious, and he appears to arrange them as he pleases after they have come to light. It is likely that he will be known to future bibliophiles as a marvel of industry and ingenuity, who was misled by a few coincidences and enticed into a land of dreams.

AN INCIDENT in the highly interesting and important consideration of the admission of women as lay delegates to the Methodist General Conference, which has escaped general newspaper comment, was the attitude of the colored editor of a Southern religious journal. It is not so much a matter of importance that he should have spoken in opposition to the admission of women, and of white women at that, in a representative ecclesiastical body of white men, met to legislate for the largest Protestant denomination on the continent, as that an ex-slave, or, possibly, the son of slave parents, should, in the wonderful march of events in the nineteenth century, have a status and a voice in such a body at all. While no right-minded communicant of the powerful Methodist Episcopal Church will protest at what would have been a revolutionary impossibility half a century ago, it seems a little out of character, and wholly contrary to the progress represented in this colored editor, that he should be found opposing the admission of women, on other than constitutional grounds, to an equality in Church affairs with himself.

It is proposed to remove the cottage in which General Grant was born, on the banks of the Ohio River at Mount Pleasant, and tow it on a flatboat down to Cincinnati as an attraction (of money) at the forthcoming fair in the Pork Metropolis. Such a scheme is worthy of the brain which conceived the notorious project of transplanting the Libby Prison from Richmond to Chicago. If carried into effect it would disgrace the State of Ohio and furnish first-class material for disparaging comment upon civilization in these United States. A community does not deserve to have any historical or patriotic relics if it is unable to perceive that the significance and interest of a great man's birthplace dwells in its surroundings and associations, and not solely in the walls and rafters that chanced to shelter the spot. Grant's birthplace at Cincinnati would be a ridiculous folly, and Libby Prison, once taken down from the famous old site, would practically disappear from the face of the earth for ever. These and all other similar relics and landmarks should remain as fixed as Bunker Hill and the field of Gettysburg, and be as carefully guarded.

THE report of the majority of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee on the Fisheries Treaty, which recommends its rejection, makes the point that the Government proposes to abandon for ever to Great Britain all the great bays along the British North American coasts, although the United States ought not to give up, on any consideration whatever, the right of its vessels of every character to visit and carry on business in any part of the public seas. The treaty also surrenders claims and rights which have existed for more than a century, and puts in place of these rights, which, in respect of British fishing-vessels, exist in the United States to the fullest extent, greatly restricted and conditional rights arising solely from a present grant of Great Britain. It provides that general and limited commercial rights and rights of transshipment shall be obtained only at the price of exempting all Canadian

fishery products from our customs duties. Its provisions regarding the seizure of American vessels are no more than a statement of what the laws and conduct of any administration of every government professing to be civilized should adopt and exercise as an act of duty and justice. Instead of diminishing sources of irritation and causes of difficulty, different interpretations and disputes will, the committee thinks, largely increase them. In conclusion, the report expresses the hope that the British Government will see the justice and propriety of according to American fishing-vessels the same rights and facilities that are cheerfully accorded to British vessels in the ports of the United States.

MR. PARNELL seems to have broken over the barriers which have hitherto excluded Home Rulers from London society. A reception given him last week by the Eighty Club is said to have been one of the most brilliant of the season; and it is now conceded that the way is clearer before him for greater success in influencing British opinion than ever before in the history of the Irish agitation. Mr. Parnell's speech on the occasion was conservative and cautious, but at the same time firm and decided in its assertion of principle. While he had never approved the "plan of campaign," he defended the right of the people to combine against wrong and injustice, and he showed very clearly that the existing troubles were due as much to the brutality of the Government as to any other cause. As to the Papal rescript, he said that, as a Protestant, he had no advice to give. He was convinced that Irish Catholics knew their political duty and how to vindicate themselves. They would not allow anybody, however high or influential, to influence them a jot in their political duty to their country—a thing that had been repeatedly tried from Rome, but had always failed. It looks very much as if Mr. Parnell is correct in this conclusion.

IN one State, at least, the problem of heating passenger-coaches has been settled. In a report made early in May the Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts state that careful investigations "confirm the Board in the opinion that the system of heating by steam from the locomotive is not only practicable and conducive to the comfort and safety of passengers, but it is a desirable measure of economy; that it should be adopted as the standard throughout this State, and that the use of the separate heaters in or under cars should only be permitted in exceptional cases." It really looks as though these conclusions may prove so satisfactory that other States will be obliged to adopt the same method—unless the railroad corporations are wise enough to forestall legislative or official action to the same effect. The only regrettable thing about the Massachusetts experiment, if such it is not too late to call it, is that the Commissioners give the railroads until the Fall of 1889 to accomplish the work of equipping their coaches with the steam-heating appliances and equipment. Meanwhile, another Fall and Winter of possible car-burning horror remains for Massachusetts, and even more for less progressive States.

THE International Copyright Bill may not be perfect, but it is probably as good a measure as is possible at this time, and its passage by the Senate is a triumph of a principle. Thirty-five Senators voted for the Bill, of whom eleven were Democrats, and ten Democrats voted against it. The division, if such it can be called, was not, therefore, upon party lines, and indeed it is hard to see how political considerations could affect the measure. The opposition was probably due to a vague fear that "the people" might be offended because they might be asked higher prices for their books. This Bill, as we have said, represents the triumph of a principle, because it makes a recognition, even though this be conditional, of the rights of literary property, and provides for foreign authors a certain degree of protection for their property, which will also be accorded our own. Moreover, printers, publishers and authors have been able to unite in supporting this Bill. This fact alone should assure its passage in the House. It is not to be expected that the mere recognition of an abstract principle will appeal strongly to the average Congressman, but the fact that a Bill is outside of politics and is advocated by everybody particularly interested should secure his support.

SOMEWHAT tardily the Pope has directed Mgr. Persico to obtain from the Irish bishops, without delay, declarations of their views upon the rescript against the "plan of campaign" and "boycotting." It would have been more prudent to have done this before the rescript was issued. The observations of the bishops will be submitted to the Congregation of the Propaganda. It cannot be doubted that the bishops will be almost, if not quite, unanimous in their condemnation of the rescript. Whether this will cause an attempt to modify the rescript remains to be seen; but it will be impossible to do away with the moral effect which has already weakened respect for Papal authority. Meantime, there has been an official denial in the House of Commons of the report that there had been communications between the English Government and the Pope regarding the issuing of the rescript. On the other hand, Archbishop Walsh distinctly declares in a published letter "that a most determined effort has been made to bring under the unfavorable judgment of the Holy See the Irish Nationalist movement; that the tactics relied upon for the accomplishment of the design were skillfully chosen, and that the persistent efforts thus made for months have ended in the most absolute failure." The Archbishop's statement would seem to break, effectively, the force of the Government denial.

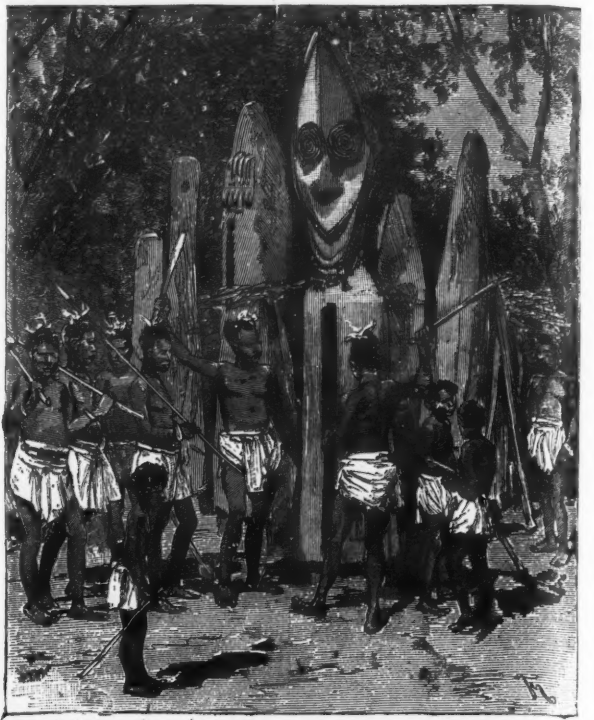
THE logrollers of the House of Representatives succeeded, last week, in passing the River and Harbor Bill, under whip and spur, and it now goes to the Senate, where its success is said to be already assured. The Bill is, perhaps, the least defensible in its details, as it is the largest in amount, ever passed by Congress. It appropriates nearly \$25,000,000; but extravagant as this sum is, it is not the worst feature of the Bill. If the money were wisely distributed, with a view to the promotion of the commercial interests of the country, the people would not object to any appropriation however large; but the fact is that this Bill bestows vast sums where they can be of no possible benefit, while improvements which would be of real value are totally neglected or seriously crippled. As illustrating the wasteful distribution of the public money under this Bill, take the case of Buckhannon Creek, in West Virginia, in which not a skiff or even dugout could float, and which it is proposed to "improve" at the public expense in order that owners of forests may float their logs to market! The cost of this commercial improvement has not been fully estimated, but the engineer in charge reports that the expense will be "greatly increased by the difficulty of transporting tools and explosives," and by the fact that in one part of the river the rocks to be removed as to make a passage for the logs "form an almost complete breastwork of three hundred feet." What shall we think of a Congress which votes away the money of the people in furtherance of such schemes as this, while giving no attention at all to the construction of works of real importance?



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 214.



GERMANY.—THE EMPRESS VISITING SUFFERERS FROM THE FLOODS, IN POSEN.



NEW HEBRIDES.—NATIVE WARRIORS CONSULTING IDOLS.



FRANCE.—GENERAL BOULANGER PASSING THROUGH THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS, ON HIS WAY TO THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.



FRANCE.—THE VILLAGE OF DOMREMY, BIRTHPLACE OF JEANNE D'ARC.

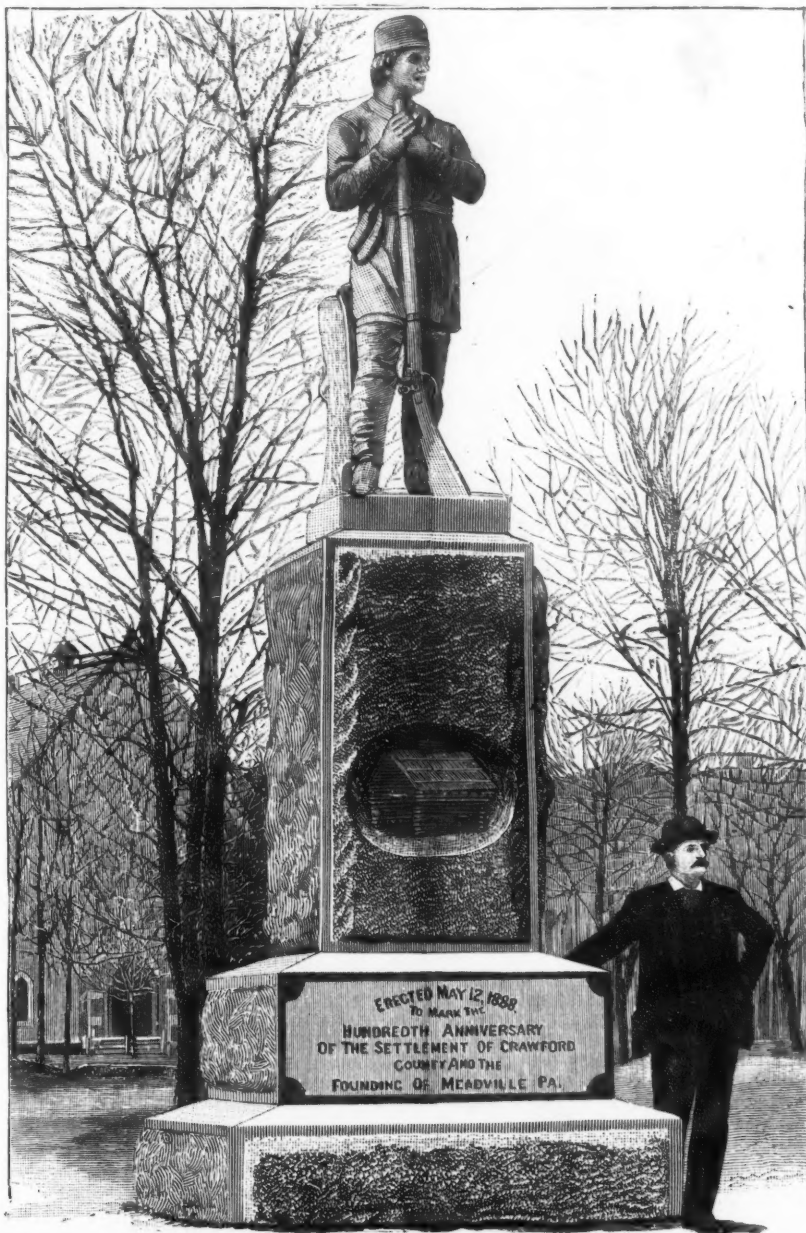


GERMANY.—CROWDS CHEERING THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT THE WINDOWS OF THE CHARLOTTENBURG PALACE.





WISCONSIN.—HON. J. M. RUSK, A POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.  
PHOTO. BY CURTISS.—SEE PAGE 213.



PENNSYLVANIA.—STATUE OF A PIONEER IN THE SETTLEMENT OF CRAWFORD COUNTY,  
UNVAILED AT MEADVILLE, MAY 12TH.  
PHOTO. BY A. R. FOWLER.—SEE PAGE 213.



1. The Play-house. 2. Matching Beans. 3. Learning to Cook. 4. The Endowed Bed.  
NEW YORK CITY.—SCENES AT THE WAYSIDE DAY NURSERY, EAST TWENTIETH STREET.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 215.



## LOVE'S MEASURE.

If he should pass  
And press some other lips to his—should pass  
And tell to other eyes,  
"I love thee"—sacrifice  
Of worlds would not atone,  
Or startle her to drink alone  
Some draught of joy. If he should say,  
"I love thee," and all the world were darkened  
from that day,  
Save his charmed being, she would yet, content,  
Live only in the light. If day were spent  
For her for ever, and she knew  
Fair sunlight's benediction could never thrill anew  
Her dark, closed eyes,  
Yet, if in all love's sacrifice,  
He should but stoop and say,  
"I love thee," it were yet to her but light and day.  
GEORGE KLINGE.

## MISS LEDLEY'S TERRIBLE CRIME.

It was at Mrs. Maldon's—What! the beautiful Mrs. Maldon? Yes, at the beautiful Mrs. Maldon's. It was five o'clock; tea had just been brought in, and with a happy sense of freedom from masculine espionage we had given ourselves up to the gossip of the moment. "We" were Mabel and Claire and I, and a pretty little creature with a face like a Grouse, and a big Rubens hat that made her look like a picture of an angel—we couldn't decide which. Claire inclined to one opinion, I to the other, and, of course, Mrs. Maldon, who had on the most delicious tea-gown in the world.

"It was a remarkable marriage. Sugar, my dear, or lemon?" said Mrs. Maldon, looking at Mabel with a calmly reflective air in her violet eyes. "Sugar? It was remarkable, quite idyllic, and all that, but it never would have taken place if it had not been for Miss Ledley's terrible crime."

"Miss Ledley commit a crime? Oh, impossible!" this last an incredulous chorus.

"But, indeed, it is quite true," said Mrs. Maldon, with her inscrutable little smile. "How do I happen to know about it? Oh, from the best authority in the world. Jack told me all about it himself."

(What was that old story about her and Jack Iryb having been lovers when she was not the beautiful Mrs. Maldon, but beautiful Louisa Chatham, who was as poor and proud as she was pretty, and Jack had never even dreamed about the big rise in Lake Shore that was to metamorphose him, a very grub of a bookkeeper in a back office, into a butterfly of fashion, with as many thousands a year as he had previously had hundreds? Didn't they say there were a great many tears before she would yield to the persuasions of her excellent mamma, and take the moldy, if modern, Cressus?—if there were tears, they are dried now; and, dear me! the world is inclined to be so sensational about such things.)

"It does seem incredible," Mrs. Maldon continued, holding her egg-shell of a cup between her and the light. Whatever suspicion one may have about other people's china, there is no doubt about the genuineness of Mrs. Maldon's Sevres and Wedgwood—"it does seem incredible, for if there ever was a person whom to look at was to trust, that person is Marion Ledley. There is sincerity in the folds of her neat gray gown, and truth preaches homilies from the brown waviness of her hair, which says as plainly as words that it is as nature made it, and knows not the abominations of curling papers or tongs. You see I have known Marion—oh, always!—and if I tell you about her crime, you will understand I do it under the strictest seal of secrecy, and that it must not, on any account, be mentioned again."

"To begin at the beginning," she said, leaning back comfortably in her low chair, "I shall have to go back to her father, who was a perfect Bluebeard, though he never killed but one wife;—oh, I don't mean," she added, with a smile, "that he actually cut off her head with a jeweled scimitar, or tickled the soles of her feet until she died, as was, I believe, the pleasant custom of that day; but she was, as I remember her, a gentle, timid, clinging creature whose heart he actually broke by years of coldness in trying to change her into his own frozen likeness; he finally succeeded, but when his pupil graduated she had died of her schooling. I suppose he was a good man. When he died the papers said so, and the *Morning Clarion* even went so far as to add that 'a large circle of friends would mourn his loss,' though I never heard who they were. But he was utterly without sympathy with the innocent gayeties and frivolities of life. He set up his little standard of right and wrong, and took the whole earth up to be measured. The blue laws of Connecticut would have been a joy to him, and I am convinced he would have had a fearful pleasure in sentencing some of his near kindred to death like the Roman what's-his-name," said Mrs. Maldon, with a sublime contempt for historical accuracy.

"So obnoxious did the follies, not to say vices, of his fellow-men become to him, that he naturally withdrew from association with them, and lived a hermit in his own house and garden. Oh! don't say I'm prejudiced against him," with a pretty gesture of protest, "because he disliked me so cordially. I only tell you this in order to come to Marion. She grew up in this dreary old house with her father and an aunt that the Historical Society ought to buy for a mummy, so apart from all youthful companionship that her only playmates in her childhood were Greek roots, and Latin verbs, and logarithms (whatever they may be), and music. You have heard her sing?" enthusiastically. "How she learned to sing I suppose she knows no more than a mavis in the Spring, and the only wonder is her father did not forbid that, like he did almost every other natural and youthful impulse. Well, as I have said, Marion grew up among these gloomy surroundings like a lily in a shady place, knowing no more of the

world than a nun in her cloister; and as for lovers, she would no more have dreamed of having one than she would of having leprosy. In course of time—none too soon, either," observed Mrs. Maldon, parenthetically—"her father died, and with him the little income that had sufficed for their moderate wants. Marion got a place in one of the public schools, where, in a quiet way, she was quite a success; and they sold the old-fashioned garden to my friend Jack Iryb—and it is here, perhaps, that my story properly begins. Jack, you know, had made a lot of money"—with a little sigh. Was it for what might have been? I wondered—"and he had seen all of the society and a good deal of the wickedness of this country and Europe, so he determined to build him a house and settle down. You've been to his house to his bachelor lunches, and you know how lovely it all is? Well, consider what a revelation it must have been to poor Marion and the mummy—aunt, I mean—for no sooner had he gotten settled than he began to cultivate his neighbors. Perhaps mummies are not slow to respond to friendly advances: perhaps there are few people who are proof against Jack's cordial good-nature and winning arts; but, sooth to say," with a comprehensive gesture, "in a remarkably short time Jack was very intimate with the Ledleys. To Marion he brought the first breath of the outer world she had ever known; he stirred and stimulated her out of her old self, while as for him—he found her little puritanical notions of right and wrong the most amusing thing in the world. He thought her demureness charming; when he was very tired she was content to sing to him the old-fashioned songs his mother used to sing. It was quite idyllic, you know; and one day it occurred to Jack, what a very pleasant thing it would be to have Marion's brown eyes look across the table at him every day, and how disagreeable it was to have to share her with the public-school children, and that here, if anywhere, he would find the artless woman every man since Adam has been seeking: though why," said Mrs. Maldon, with a reflective air, "I don't know, since artlessness after sixteen is simply stupidity. Well, at all events, in due manner (he didn't tell me just how) he preferred his request, when, to his surprise, she said 'No.' Men are always surprised," said Mrs. Maldon, again parenthetically, "when women say 'No.' Being pressed for her reason for refusal (and when she thought about Jack's house it must have seemed like giving up heaven), she owned to one so absurd that Jack told me that even at the time he couldn't tell whether to be amused or angry. It seemed she had never been able to break away altogether from her papa's Spartan theories, and that in her dear little tender conscience she confounded Jack's calling—which is, you know, speculating in stocks and bonds—with gambling—poker, *rouge et noir*, for all I know. I'm not strong myself in ethics," said Mrs. Maldon, with a calmly judicial air, "so I can't argue the question and show you where the exact moral difference comes in between betting on a hand at cards and buying 'futures,' but I dare say it is all there, and I don't worry myself about it. Not so Marion. Jack wore himself out with arguments that failed to convince and entreaties that wouldn't move, and, like men the world over, the harder she was to get the more determined he was to have her; and possibly he would have succeeded even, if just in the nick of time, as one may say, Marion had not committed the crime which changed the color and aspect of her small world for ever."

"Just at this time the little household fell into difficulties—the music-scholars failed to pay, or something of that kind—and even Marion's strict economy failed to make the ends meet, and 'actual want stared them in the face'—isn't that the phrase?" asked Mrs. Maldon, slowly dropping a lump of sugar into her cup.

"Of course, Jack saw something of their difficulties, but he could devise no means of assisting them, without offense. Hot-house grapes and flowers he showered upon them in such profusion as even to astonish the mummy; but one cannot live entirely upon grapes and flowers, no matter how æsthetic, and so the Winter went by, and Jack had to see Marion growing thin, and losing her pretty, quiet gayety worrying over difficulties that he was dying to remove; until one morning (do I approach the point dramatically?) chancing to follow her up-town, he noticed, with a great throb of pity in his sympathetic heart, how dejectedly and wearily she walked. Up one street and down another he followed her, until, passing a stationery store, he saw her suddenly pause and read a sign that was boldly displayed among the boxes of papers, gold pens and birthday cards: 'Lottery Tickets for Sale Here.' After she read it she walked up the street a block, then came slowly back (he was watching her, you know), went into the shop and bought one of the tickets. From the shopkeeper, Jack easily discovered the number of the ticket, and determined to practice a little fraud on her. So, when the drawing came off—it was only four days later—Marion received a note from the stationer, saying her ticket had drawn one thousand dollars, which he inclosed her in a check."

"Of course, if she had not been the veriest baby in the ways of the world, she would have seen, at once, that it was too irregular and unbusiness-like; but she suspected nothing. After she bought the ticket she was perfectly horrified to think what she had done. All the morbid conscientiousness her father had so rigidly impressed upon her rushed back with overpowering force. She remembered how she had weighed Jack in the balance and found him wanting; for having herself yielded to temptation, she felt self-reproach and upbraiding. In her abasement she called herself hypocritical and pharisaical, and divers other terms we usually keep for our friends; and in a state of morbidness that bordered on distraction, she passed the days before the drawing. The neat pink-and-blue slip that informed her she was entitled to the prize drawn by ticket No. 22,680

became a positive terror to her, and in her frenzy she was tempted to wish that the two distinguished Southern generals who, for a consideration, lend their names to such a beguiling scheme, had perished on the field of battle; but she felt, if only she should not draw anything, she might, in time, come to regard herself as something less criminal than now. The day arrived, and with it the letter, which she opened with trembling hands, and out fell the check. All was over for her now, she thought. Any one so abandoned as to buy a lottery ticket, and draw a prize, deserved to be an outcast, and was beyond the pale of redemption."

"That evening Jack went over to see her, curious to know how his ruse worked, and determined to put a bold face on the one thousand dollars if she suspected anything. He found her pale, and the big brown eyes showed traces of tears, but she said nothing, until by-and-by, when she was singing some pathetic old ballad to him about somebody who, for some nonsensical reason, resolves to go away to some utterly impossible place and die, she broke down, and Jack says, in a sudden burst of emotion stretched out her arms to him like a timid child, and in another moment was sobbing out her story on his breast: all about how poor they had been, and but for that she never, never, never would have been so wicked as to buy a lottery ticket—and could he ever forgive her for yielding to temptation?—but that on that fatal morning she had had only five dollars in the world, and the temptation to risk it all on a sudden chance had been too much for her."

"After a while he kissed the tears away, but poor little Marion's armor of infallibility was completely broken down, and when, taking matters into his own hands, he named the wedding-day, she hadn't a word to say about the doubts that had beset her; and it is my firm belief," said Mrs. Maldon, solemnly, "that if he had requested her to learn the cancan, she would have set about it with all the earnestness of an acolyte."

There was a pause, and then the pretty girl with the Grouse-like face said: "Well, after all, I don't see that buying a lottery ticket was such a terrible crime. At the races I always—"

"Don't you, my dear?" said Mrs. Maldon, again with her inscrutable little smile. "And you never will. Perhaps neither do I."

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

## THE EMPEROR AND THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

The gates of the Imperial Palace of Charlottenburg, the residence of the invalid Emperor, are besieged during the greater part of every day by the people of Berlin and by foreign visitors, who are eager to pay this tribute to the illustrious sufferer. He is cheered by these demonstrations, and sometimes appears at the window with the Empress, smiling and saluting in response. Another picture relates to the personal visit paid by the Empress last month to the districts devastated by the overflow of the rivers in Northern Germany, and particularly of the Wartha, a tributary of the Oder, and of the Nogat mouth of the Vistula. The Emperor headed the subscription list with a sum equivalent to \$12,500, and as his malady prevented him from visiting the afflicted districts, the Empress undertook the duty for him, and journeyed to Posen to see for herself the havoc caused by the floods. On Monday of last week, the Empress attended a meeting of the inundation relief committee, at the Town Hall, Berlin, and made a speech, in which she advocated the adoption of a system for saving life and property from destruction by floods, and recommended that districts liable to inundation be provided with lifeboats. Mayor Forckenbeck presented the Empress with a bouquet of white roses when she left the Town Hall, and the people pressed around her carriage, cheering enthusiastically. The inundation relief fund had then reached 4,000,000 marks.

## IDOLATROUS WARRIORS OF THE NEW HEBRIDES.

A sketch by a French artist shows a group of savages of the Island of Mallicollo, one of the largest of the New Hebrides, consulting their huge and hideous idols of war, preparatory to setting out on some fighting expedition. The New Hebrides, which are situated about midway between Eastern and Western Polynesia, embrace a total area of some 3,500 square miles, and have 200,000 native inhabitants, who are noted for their savage barbarity. A few French colonists have settled there, of late years.

## GENERAL BOULANGER, DEPUTY AND AUTHOR.

The historic scene of April 19th, when General Boulanger drove through the streets of Paris to the Palais Bourbon, amidst the noisy demonstrations of both friends and enemies, to take his seat in the National Assembly, is depicted in a large and spirited engraving. Since that date the hero of the hour has remained quiet, but by no means inactive. His new book, called "The German Invasion," was published last week, and over two million copies, it is said, have been distributed gratuitously in the provinces. On the first page is the picture of a soldier, gun in hand, looking out over the eastern frontier. In the first preface, addressed to his "friendly readers," the General says: "My adversaries represent me as being an apostle for war. It is for you to judge in reading this book of a patriot who has no other inspiration than a high sentiment of national dignity." The second preface sums up something as follows: "The people have two ways of protecting their national independence and civil rights—the gun and the vote. The latter shows to the chosen elects the will of the people; the former watches over the security of the nation against foreign attack. Hence the army must conduct the inside and foreign policy." General Boulanger esteems that he is rendering a service to his country by publishing his book, as the Government has always neglected to give or publish the war record.

## THE BIRTHPLACE OF JEANNE D'ARC.

In the little village of Vaucouleurs, in French Lorraine, known as Domremy-la-Pucelle, stands the cottage in which Jeanne d'Arc, the inspired "Maid of Orleans," was born, 479 years ago. It is just now the subject of a disgraceful political quarrel on account of a certain nun of the Sisters of Providence, who has had charge of Jeanne's birthplace for the State these several years. The Radicals of the Vosges now wish to turn the nun out because, as they say, the house has become a

resort for Catholics and anti-Republicans, and to which religious pilgrimages are made from other parts of the country. The house where Jeanne d'Arc was born (writes a recent visitor) stands in a little garden through which flows a brook, the *trois fontaines*, that presently empties its crystal waters into the Meuse. It has a sloping roof, and the half-gable front, overgrown with moss, has three cross-shaped windows and a door surmounted by an ogive ornamentation that bears under Jeanne's coat-of-arms—separated from those of France by these words, "Vive le Roy Loys"—the motto "Vive Lebeur!" This door is not an original part of the cottage, but was constructed in 1460 by the then proprietor. Inside there are three rooms, the door opening directly into one of them. This was the kitchen, general family-room and sleeping-place of Jeanne's parents, and it was in that same room where the Maid was born. To the left is a smaller chamber, almost a closet, which is lighted by an opening in the wall about as big as a sheet of foolscap. This was where Jeanne slept; she kept her spare clothes in a niche and said her prayers at the little window. While kneeling there listening to the Ave Maria that was ringing from the village church-bell she heard for the first time those mysterious voices that were to guide a career which commenced in the royal chateau of Chinon and ended at the stake in the market-square of Rouen.

## THE NORTH CAROLINA TEACHERS.

THE cause of education in the South is gaining strength rapidly, and in no State is there seen greater progress both among the teachers and the schools than in North Carolina. In fact, so notable is the improvement in all educational matters throughout the "Old North State," that the attention of the whole country is attracted to the ambition and zeal of her teachers and friends of education. There are now in the State, supported by the public fund, over 6,000 public schools, and during the Summer vacation the State has provided thirteen normal schools specially for the training of her teachers.

This gratifying educational prosperity has just culminated in a grand celebration on May 1st, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the "North Carolina Teachers' Assembly Building," at Morehead City, a most delightful Summer resort on the Atlantic Coast. A brief history of this educational organization will be of general interest to our readers. The North Carolina Teachers' Assembly was originated and organized by Mr. Eugene G. Harrell, editor of the *North Carolina Teacher*, in the Summer of 1884, for the special purpose of promoting pleasant social acquaintance among the teachers and patrons of the schools. The Assembly is now one of the most noted and popular educational gatherings in America, having a national reputation as an organization of delightful social enjoyment combined with great practical professional benefit. In the annual meetings the teacher imbibes inspiration and enthusiasm from the companionship of many hundred enthusiastic co-workers, and in this mutual inspiration the profession is greatly dignified and elevated.

The Assembly was organized at Haywood White Sulphur Springs, on June 16th, 1884, with three hundred and sixty-five members. Four annual sessions have been held, each year growing in interest and membership, and there are now on the roll the names of over three thousand North Carolina teachers and their friends. The organization was duly incorporated on March 15th, 1888, the objects set forth being as follows: 1. To enable the teachers and friends of education to meet for discussion of educational questions. 2. To give them an opportunity of hearing the opinions and methods of distinguished specialists in the various departments of the teacher's work. 3. To aid teachers in securing situations. 4. To afford the means of combined action in obtaining such educational legislation as the best interests of the State may demand.

The Teachers' Bureau, organized by the Assembly, has been of very great aid to teachers in securing desirable positions. The Bureau is in active operation during the sessions of the Assembly, and is managed by a committee of energetic members of the organization who will always be glad to render any possible aid to those desiring a teacher or a school. During the year, between the sessions of the Assembly, the Teachers' Bureau is managed by the Secretary, at Raleigh, and the value of this department of the Assembly work may be realized from the fact that within the past four years nearly four hundred teachers have secured good positions through the Bureau and at the annual sessions of the Assembly. No charge whatever is made for any service rendered to teachers or school-officers.

The fifth annual session of the Teachers' Assembly will convene on Tuesday, June 13th, and adjourn on Thursday, June 28th, 1888. The sessions of the Assembly are held in June because the teachers throughout the State are just then coming from the exhausting work of the school-room, and the permanent home has been located at Morehead City because the quickest agencies for recreation and recuperation are found there to a greater degree than at any other place in North Carolina or along the Atlantic Coast. The Atlantic Hotel, which is the home of the teachers and their friends during the sessions of the Assembly, has recently been remodeled and refurnished, and it charges members of the Assembly only \$1 per day for board. The hotel has been leased by Mr. Chas. Beerman, proprietor of the Kimball House, Atlanta, Ga., and Mr. A. J. Cooke, of the Hotel Florence, Raleigh, N. C.

The ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of the Assembly Building marked a great educational epoch in the Southern States. This building is one of the handsomest structures of the kind in the country, beautiful in shape and design, excellent in finish, and commodious and comfortable in all its appointments. It is 42 by 100 feet in size, two stories high, and the Assembly Hall is 41 by 80 feet, 15 feet pitch, well lighted and ventilated, and will comfortably seat 1,200 people. It is amply provided with blackboards, maps, charts, globes, and all other requisites of thorough educational work, and is perfectly private from any and all interruptions. There are well-arranged and convenient special rooms for the officers, committees, visiting editors, library and reading-room, and also educational exhibits of every description. The whole building is supplied with gas and water. It is beautifully situated by the Sound, and may be reached from the Atlantic Hotel by a covered walk-way in case of rain. This elegant structure is an honor to the State, the pride of the profession and an ornament to the North Carolina "Summer Capital by the Sea."

The building when completed and furnished will have cost about \$8,000, and the teachers have found some liberal friends both in the State and



among the leading publishing houses at the North to aid in its construction.

The corner-stone was laid by the Masonic Grand Lodge of North Carolina, and the occasion brought together several thousand citizens of the State, including a large number of teachers and school-officers. To accommodate the many visitors there were special excursion trains run from Raleigh, Greensboro, Wilmington, Goldsboro, New Bern, Durham, Wilson and other points in the State. The Grand Lodge was opened in the Baptist church at Morehead City, and at 2:30 o'clock P. M. the procession moved towards the building in the following order: Raleigh Silver Cornet Band; Masonic Grand Lodge; Honor Escort of Knights Templar; Governor A. M. Scales and the State Board of Education, escorted by the "Governor's Guard" of Raleigh; officers of the Teachers' Assembly, and speakers, citizens and visitors. The corner-stone being laid, the multitude proceeded to the Assembly Hall, where addresses were made by Mayor Arendell, F. H. Busbee, orator of the day; Major Finger, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; Dr. R. H. Lewis, Professor E. A. Alderman, and Captain C. B. Denson. Mr. Busbee paid a graceful tribute to Mr. E. G. Harrell, Secretary of the Assembly, whose labors have contributed so largely to its success.

#### THE WAYSIDE DAY NURSERY.

MODERN benevolence has taken no more useful form than in the establishment of Day Nurseries similar to that illustrated on page 213. As is generally known, these Nurseries are designed for the benefit of workingwomen who have little children for whom provision must be made during the day. Women of this class leave their children at the Nursery on the way to their work, and call for them when returning home, being assured meanwhile that they will receive the best of care. At the Wayside Nursery, 216 East Twentieth Street, New York, children of from two months to seven years are received after half-past six every morning, the payment for each child being the nominal sum of five cents a day. The little ones are bathed; if hungry, they are given bread and milk, and the babies are then put to bed. The older children amuse themselves in the play-room with toys, picture-books, etc., till nine o'clock, when those old enough go to the public-school opposite. At twelve o'clock comes dinner, and after that, a nap for all. Supper is served at half-past five, and then the children are made ready to go home. By seven o'clock they have all left, when the rooms are aired and prepared for the morrow.

"Mothers' Meetings" are now held at the Nursery once a week, in the evening, when the mothers of the children are received by a Patroness of the Nursery, who reads to them, counsels and comforts them, while they sew on garments which can afterwards be bought by them at cost of the material. During the Summer months, these meetings are conducted under her auspices and at her expense. In connection with the Nursery work, vacation classes have been established, the object of which is to keep children out of the streets after school-hours, and by teaching them, in a practical way, some of the duties of domestic life, demonstrate that work may be made both easier and more interesting than before. Girls from the ages of seven to sixteen years are admitted to these classes, and lessons are given in cooking, constructional drawing, knitting, sewing, etc.

The charity is one which appeals in every respect to the active sympathy of the benevolent.

#### HON. J. M. RUSK.

THE Republicans of Wisconsin also have a candidate for the Presidency. At their State Convention, held last week, a resolution was adopted instructing the delegates from that State to urge the nomination of Governor Jere. M. Rusk; and it is understood that an earnest effort will be made to secure for him the support of delegates from other Western States. Governor Rusk has been thrice elected to the Executive chair of the State, and has acquitted himself acceptably to his party and to the better element of the Democracy, many of whom, in the election of 1886, gave him their support on account of his sternly patriotic course during the anarchist and socialist outbreaks in Milwaukee during the Summer of that year. He is in the broadest sense a man of the people, honest, capable and courageous, and the Wisconsin delegation in the Chicago Convention will voice the overwhelming sentiment of the State in urging his selection as the Republican standard-bearer.

#### THE HANDIWORK OF PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

THE Horticultural Hall of Philadelphia was occupied last week by an unique and very interesting exhibition, showing the progress and results of that manual training which is at present revolutionizing the educational system in the principal cities of the United States. Besides the special departments in the public schools, Philadelphia has a separate institution devoted entirely to manual training—or, to speak more accurately, in which the pupil's time during a three years' course of study is divided equally between shop-work and drawing, and the usual academic studies. The result of this training is a higher appreciation of the value and dignity of intelligent labor, and the equipment of a constantly increasing force of young workers who are at once cultured, practical and skilled.

The exhibition was opened on Tuesday evening, the 8th inst., by the Board of Education, Governor Beaver, and 200 young ladies from the Normal School. It remained open until the end of the week, attracting thousands of young people daily, while their parents visited it in the evening. The large exhibit of the handiwork of the pupils was beautiful and varied. The innumerable specimens of needlework, drawing, clay-modeling, costume-making, etc., illustrated the work of the classes in all stages of progress, from the modest beginning up to artistic perfection. Most interesting of all, however, to the visitor, was the novel spectacle of classes actually at work. Girls from the Normal School boiled eggs and went through other mysteries of the kitchen. Not far away a young lady teacher had her kindergarten class. On one end of the raised platform thirty little girls from the Twelfth Section were learning to sew, hem and stitch, while classes from the Industrial Art School carved wood and modeled clay with surprising deftness and skill. Handsome specimens of the work of the children hung upon the walls. The foyer was turned into a machine and carpenter shop by the boys from the Manual Training School, who hammered on anvils, ran lathes, experimented

with electricity, experimented with chemicals in a little laboratory, made drawings, and went through other interesting performances. They were obliged to work out the principles of forging in cold lead, as fire was not permitted in the foyer. The little kindergarten children, whose motto is, "We learn by doing," made one of the popular hits of the exhibition. They sat in tiny chairs at small desks, played with blocks, bits of colored papers and other simple things, and attended to easy object lessons. When they seemed to tire they were rested with music upon the piano. In contrast to these beginnings, Architect Austin, of the Board of Education, showed photographs and plans of some of the new schoolhouses, and students of the Towne School of the University of Pennsylvania exhibited specimens of their handiwork. Above them, on the front of the gallery, girls who had gone from the public schools to the Women's School of Design displayed specimens of their work.

#### PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AT OAK VIEW.

IN his charming property of Oak View, on the heights which overlook Washington, President Cleveland has an almost ideal Summer home, within sight of the Capitol dome and the White House. The extensive alterations made since he acquired the place, two years ago, have quite transformed its outward appearance, and its painted roof has brought upon it the popular nickname of Redtop—which, of course, its owner does not recognize. There is no more beautiful site in all the suburbs of the national capital, and the view from the grounds, as our picture shows, is superb. As a residence, it has at least one very important advantage over the White House: the lessee has nothing to fear from the caprices of Uncle Sam as landlord, and need not look forward with anxiety to the Presidential moving-day.

#### A CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

THE one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Meadville and the settlement of Crawford County, Pa., was celebrated by an imposing display on Friday and Saturday of last week. The County of Crawford is one of the great counties of the Keystone State, and Meadville, its capital, is the centre of a population distinguished for thrift, intelligence and enterprise. Great preparations had been made for the centennial event, and both Friday and Saturday were festival days, visitors crowding the city from far and near. Friday was given up to a civil, military and industrial parade, which was over an hour in passing a given point, and on the following day the Centennial Pioneer Monument, of which we give an illustration, was unveiled.

#### WOMEN'S CLUBS IN LONDON.

THEY have two women's clubs in London. The best known is the Alexandra—so named for the Princess of Wales, who is the perpetual president, though she hardly ever goes there. It is the only one that receives the honor of mention in the authorized "List of London Clubs," printed for the use and information of the fashionable world, which mentions that "the Alexandra is strictly for ladies of position only," meaning that only those are eligible whose rank and social status are beyond question. The "committee" is composed of women of the highest rank—a duchess, two marchionesses and three countesses—who draw the lines very closely indeed. They will admit no woman as a member or visitor who could not be eligible to invitation to the Queen's drawing-rooms or the Court balls. It has a lunch-room where an excellent dinner can be had under the name of luncheon, and rooms where toilets can be made for the evening by country members come to town for some special function, and bedrooms where they can remain all night. No man, it matters not what his rank may be, can be admitted, even as a visitor. As illustrative of the perfection of discipline in this respect, it is related with great glee that once, when the Princess of Wales called for the Princess Alexandra, he had to wait in the porter's room, like any one else, till his royal wife got her hat on and gossiped with the others present, till she was ready to come down.

#### THE MACKENZIE BASIN.

A REPORT of the committee appointed by the Dominion Senate to gather information regarding the great Mackenzie River Basin, situated east and northeast of Alaska, throws great light upon a territory which was hitherto unknown. The Arctic explorers had indeed traversed its coast-line and descended two of the rivers which, east of the Mackenzie, flow into the Arctic Sea, but the object sought by them was one which had no relation to that of the recent inquiry, and it is only incidentally that that their records are valuable. The knowledge of missionaries and officers of the Hudson Bay Company is chiefly confined to the water-courses and the great lakes, while scientific exploration has not, as yet, extended north of the Great Slave Lake. The committee sums up by referring to the extent of inland navigation, namely, 1,360 miles, up the Mackenzie, navigable for light-draught ocean steamers, 1,390 more navigable for stern-wheel river steamers, and nearly 4,000 miles of lake-coasts. Altogether, there is about 6,500 miles of lake-coast and river navigation, broken only in two places. The conclusions regarding arable and pastoral lands are as follows:

"That within the scope of the committee's inquiry there is a possible area of 656,000 square miles fitted for the growth of potatoes, 407,000 square miles suitable for barley, and 316,000 square miles suitable for wheat; that there is a pastoral area of 860,000 square miles, 26,000 miles of which is open prairie, with occasional groves, the remainder being more or less wooded; 274,000 square miles, including the prairie, may be considered as arable land. About 40,000 square miles of the total area are useless for the pasturage of domestic animals or for cultivation. Throughout this arable and pastoral area the latitude bears no direct relation to the Summer isotherms, the Spring flowers and the buds of deciduous trees appearing as early north of the Great Slave Lake as at Winnipeg, St. Paul and Chicago, and earlier along the Peace, Liard, and some minor Western affluents of the great Mackenzie River. The prevailing Southwest Summer winds of the country in question bring the warmth and moisture which render possible the Far Northern cereals."

The committee thinks there are from 150,000 to 200,000 square miles which may be considered auriferous. Minerals known to exist there are

gold, iron, silver, graphite and ochre, as well as clay, mica, gypsum, lime and sandstone, besides petroleum. The fish found on the northern and eastern sections were salmon, capelin, rock cod, as well as carp and seal and the gray square flapper seal. A reference is made to the necessity of taking precautions to preserve fur-bearing animals from extinction, as well as the necessity of preventing the destruction of the whale fisheries by American fishermen, who have been operating in great numbers in the archipelago.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

THIRTY college graduates are employed on the staff of the New York Sun.

THE Brazilian Chamber of Deputies has passed a Bill ordering the immediate abolition of slavery throughout the Empire.

MR. JOHN DILLON, Member of Parliament, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, without hard labor, for inciting tenants not to pay rent.

THE New York Legislature adjourned *sine die* last week, without making any provision for the employment of the 3,500 convicts in the State prisons.

THE Spanish committee having in charge the Christopher Columbus celebration at Barcelona offers a prize of \$10,000 for the best book, in any language, on the geographical discoveries of Portuguese and Spanish explorers prior to the time of Magellan.

THE United States Government has advertised for 5,000 American white-marble headstones. Congress, on March 30th, made an appropriation of \$20,000 to pay for them. The headstones will be used for the unmarked graves of Union soldiers, sailors and marines in various parts of the country.

THE Women's Christian Temperance Union in all parts of the United States are sending large numbers of petitions to the Senate, praying Congress to enact laws preventing the running of passenger and mail trains and the holding of military parades on Sunday. The petitions are coming in by the bushel.

IN correcting certain alleged assertions concerning the weakness of the English army and naval forces, Lord Salisbury, in the House of Lords, last week, took occasion to openly condemn the criticisms made by Lord Wolseley at a recent banquet, and it is expected that Wolseley will resign his command in consequence.

IT is interesting to learn that Mrs. Cleveland always calls her husband "Mr. President." Mr. Cleveland addresses his wife as "Frank." Martha Washington in her younger days called her husband "George," but in the last twenty-five years of her life she always addressed him as "General." While in the White House, Mrs. Hayes called her husband "Mr. Hayes." Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Garfield always addressed their husbands respectively as "Abraham" and "Jim."

THE Iowa Supreme Court is soon to be called on to decide on the question whether the itineracy of Methodist clergymen affects their legal status as citizens. A saloon-keeper challenged a Methodist clergyman's vote on the ground that he was not a citizen, and could not be a citizen by reason of itineracy. The election judges ruled against the saloon-keeper, who immediately appealed to the Supreme Court, which tribunal, it is believed, will afford him little comfort. The whole affair seems like an attempt to frighten Methodist clergymen who have taken an active part in the temperance movement.

THE latest thing in prison reform is the "family" system. Rochester, N. Y., is trying to introduce the family system into its House of Refuge, where the usual prison method has proved a failure, after many changes and frequent revolutions. This plan was started at Heme, Germany, copied at Mettray, and found successful through the ten years past at Meriden, Conn. It substitutes for all the usual prison paraphernalia—window-bars, iron doors, armed watchmen—nothing but the usual fastenings of every well-kept house. Each family consists of fifty boys under one master and matron, who, it is found, can be trusted in excursion parties with but a single guard.

ONE of the most picturesque figures in the Methodist General Conference, in session in New York, is Sia-Sch-Ong, presiding elder of the Church in China. Clad in an Oriental garb of black silk, he sits near the middle of the fifth row on the right, and manifests deep interest in the proceedings, although they are in great part unintelligible to him, for he does not understand English. He is a little man of forty, perhaps, and wears a mustache that is slightly tinged with gray. His conversion to Christianity is said to have been brought about by his own reasoning. He is a very persuasive talker among his own people, and the small beginnings he made in mission work prospered until the Church in China became self-supporting, largely through his efforts.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MAY 5TH.—In New York, Christopher Pullman, a well-known Republican politician. MAY 6TH.—In Bath, N. Y., ex-Judge David M. McMaster; in Annapolis, Md., Captain Edward G. Furber, formerly of the United States Navy, aged 62 years; in New York, Rev. Dr. C. J. Clark, Delegate from Portland, Me., to the Methodist Conference, aged 46 years. MAY 7TH.—In New York, ex-Alderman A. S. Bemis, aged 71 years; in La Salle, Ill., Thomas Keap, formerly editor of the Buffalo Courier, aged 52 years; in New York, Samuel Raynor, the envelope manufacturer, aged 78 years; in Amherst, Mass., Rev. Dr. Laurens P. Hickok, philosopher and author, aged 90 years; in White-water, Wis., Marvin H. Bovee, lecturer and philanthropist, aged 61 years. MAY 8TH.—In Philadelphia, Pa., Thompson Westcott, journalist, editor and author, aged 97 years; in Bay City, Mich., ex-Governor James Birney, aged 71 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Dr. Chauncey L. Mitchell, aged 75 years; in Hooksett, N. H., ex-Senator Jesse Gault, aged 65 years. MAY 10TH.—In Summit, N. J., Michael Heilprin, the well-known Hebrew journalist and writer, aged 65 years; in a railway-train near Chicago, Commodore Norman W. Kittson, the well-known capitalist and turfman, aged 74 years. MAY 11TH.—In Buffalo, N. Y., Hon. Erasmus S. Prosser, aged 78 years; in Cadiz, O., Rev. James Drummond, a well-known Episcopal minister, aged 84 years; in Ferrisburg, Vt., Hon. Cyrus W. Wicker; in New York, George Shinson, Internal Revenue Agent, aged 35 years; in New York, John B. Dash, of the Union Club, aged 70 years; in San Francisco, Cal., ex-Mayor A. J. Bryant, aged 57 years.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GOVERNOR THOMAS STAY, of Alabama, has been nominated for re-election.

THE Chinese Minister will shortly leave Washington for a visit to Peru.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE never accepts a fee from a professional singer.

HON. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT has been nominated as United States Minister Resident to the Netherlands.

THE Emperor of Brazil, who has been suffering from pleurisy and other maladies, at Milan, Italy, is now out of danger.

REV. DR. STORRS, the distinguished Brooklyn divine, has been appointed one of the Park Commissioners of that city.

FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL STEVENSON has refused to allow the consideration of his name as a Democratic candidate for Governor of Illinois.

IN the United States Senate, last week, Mr. Voorhees apologized for his violation of parliamentary rules and usages in his recent debate with Mr. Ingalls.

THE Michigan Republican State Convention, held last week, declared in favor of the nomination of Governor Alger as the Republican candidate for President.

MISS VIRGINIA DREHER, the beautiful and popular actress of Daly's Theatre, New York, was married in Chicago last week to Mr. G. F. Postlethwaite, of London, England.

KING LEOPOLD of Belgium recently purchased a copy of General Grant's book, and he has recommended the study of American history in the schools and colleges of his kingdom.

WASHINGTON gossips are determined that Miss Endicott shall marry some one. Failing in the Chamberlain match, they now assert that she is to marry Sigourney Butler, Second Comptroller of the Treasury.

REV. GEORGE T. PURVIS, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, Pa., has been elected to the Chair of Ecclesiastical History in Princeton College, to succeed the venerable James C. Moffatt, resigned.

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, who was last week presented to Queen Victoria, received several lessons from a professional teacher of deportment in regard to backing from "the presence" and bowing to Majesty.

PRINCE BISMARCK has been much concerned about his private affairs lately, as the inundations near Varzin swept away three of his largest saw-mills, in which several hundreds of workmen were regularly employed.

DR. F. A. P. BARNARD has resigned the Presidency of Columbia College, New York. After a service of twenty-four years in that position, he feels that its responsibilities have become too great for his declining strength.

THE New Jersey Republicans have declared in favor of the nomination of Hon. William Walter Phelps for the Presidency. Mr. Phelps is one of the brightest members of the House of Representatives, and is exceptionally strong in his own State.

THE death is recorded at Griffithsville, West Virginia, of Thomas Eggleston, aged 111 years and 10 months. He had smoked his pipe every day since he was sixteen years old, and retained all his faculties save that of hearing. He had voted for every Democratic candidate for President since Jefferson.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, who for six months past has been acting as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has been recommended by the Advisory Committee as the permanent successor to Mr. Beecher. It is understood that he will accept, and will relinquish his editorial duties in the main to Hamilton Mabie, his assistant in *The Christian Union* office. His salary will probably be fixed at \$10,000 a year.

THE will of the late Roscoe Conkling, which was offered for probate last week, is a model of brevity and clearness: "I give, devise and bequeath to my wife, Julia, and to her heirs and assigns for ever, all my property and estate, whether real, personal or mixed, and I constitute and appoint my said wife sole executrix of this will. In testimony whereof I hereto sign my name, this 21st day of June, A. D. 1867."

AS W. S. GILBERT stood waiting in a hall after a reception in London, recently, an exaggerated swell, descending, mistook him for a servant, and ordered: "Call me a four-wheeler!" Gilbert placed the monocle in his contemplative right eye, and looking blandly at the swell, said: "You are a four-wheeler!" "What do you mean?" said the swell. Said Gilbert: "You told me to call you a four-wheeler, and I have done so. I really couldn't call you a hansom, you know."

MR. FULLER, who has been nominated for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, was once a legislative reporter at the Maine capital. On one occasion he made a wager that on the following day, in his report, he would put a Shakespearean phrase in the mouth of every member of the House who spoke. He did it, even to the member who made the motion to adjourn. On the day following the House was so pleased with the work of the young reporter that it grew magnanimous, and voted him an extra supply of pencils and rubbers. He was called out from his work, complimented, and requested to make a speech.

GENERAL BOULANGER, who became fifty-one years old week before last, has sold the manuscript of his book, "The German Invasion," for \$40,000. Two million copies of the first intimation of the book are to be distributed gratis throughout France. In the preface to his work General Boulanger again sets forth the Boulanger policy, and states that the object of his book is simply to draw profitable lessons from the events of 1870. The General has been elected Municipal Councillor for Tulle, in France, by the spontaneous action of the workmen in the arms factory there, all of whom voted for him, independent of the electoral committees.

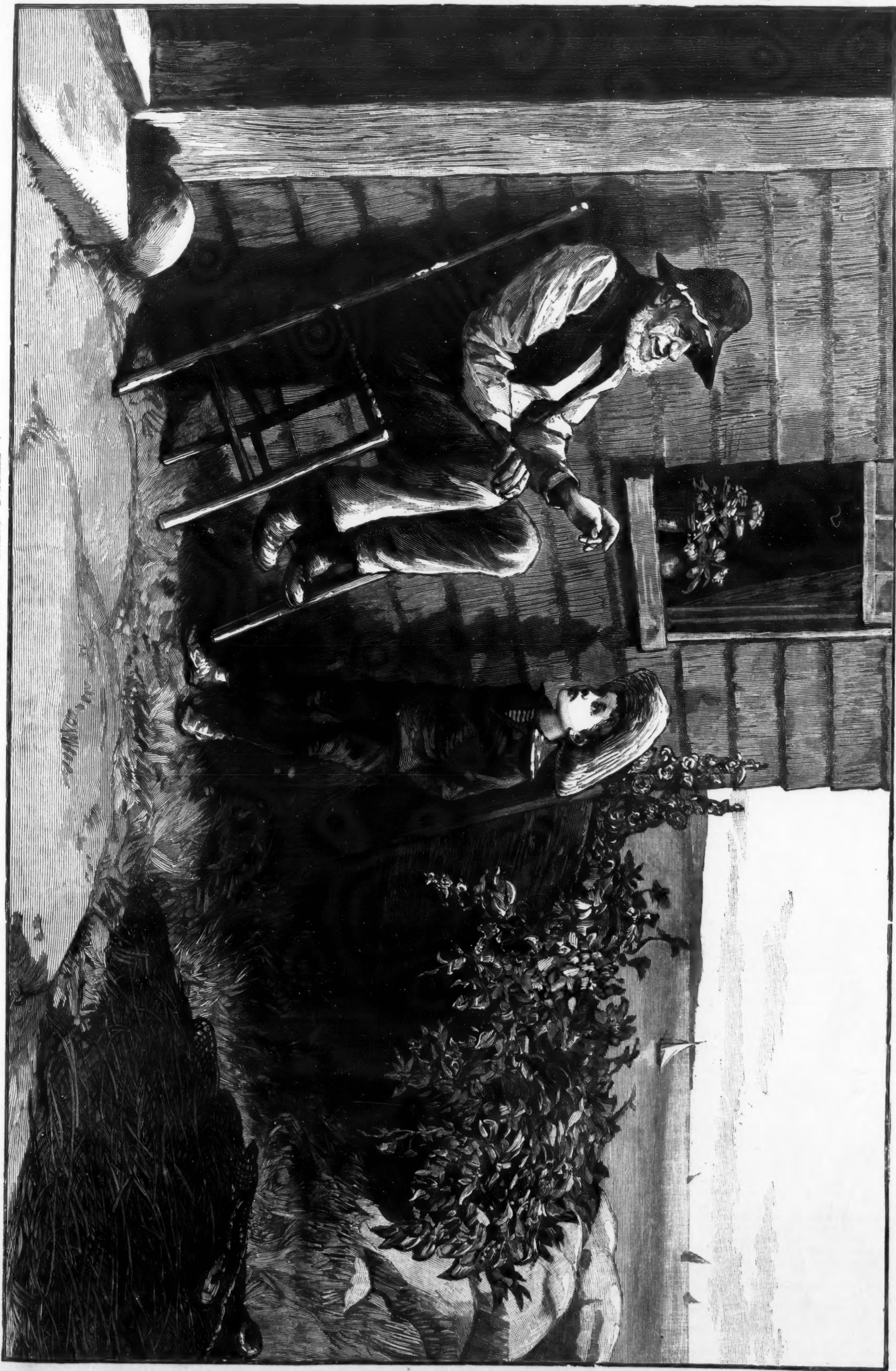
THE New York Tribune says: "Mr. Gladstone deserves to live five years, and apparently is trying hard to disappoint his enemies, who console themselves with the reflection that the present Parliament and Government will survive him. 'They put the five years,' he says, 'against the life of an old man.' This is an epigrammatic way of summing up the political situation in England. The enemies of the Grand Old Man have a five years' lease of power and a well-disciplined, docile majority, and they are calmly waiting for him to die. The consolation he offers them is the quiet reflection that the final settlement of the Irish question will not be affected by the life of any man, old or young."





SWEET SPRING-TIME.—SCENE AT OAK VIEW, THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND—MORNING STROLL OF THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND.  
FROM A SKETCH BY J. H. MOSER.—SEE PAGE 215.





A TYPICAL SCENE ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST—A CAPE GARDEN.

FROM A SKETCH BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.—SEE PAGE 200.



[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

# BLACK BLOOD: A PECULIAR CASE.

BY  
GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES," "THIS MAN'S  
WIFE," "THE PARSON OF DUMFORD,"  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

BOOK II.—AFTER A LONG LAPSE.

CHAPTER XVII.—ENGAGING A GROOM.

"LET me see, Black," said Sir Philip, at last, as the young man met his eye frankly and respectfully; "you have been with us some months now?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have been very unfortunate?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have been referring to the complaints made against you, and find that they are mainly in connection with inattention to drill."

"Beg pardon, sir!" said Rob, rather warmly; "not inattention; stupidity, perhaps. I've tried very hard to make myself a soldier."

"Better have pleaded guilty to the inattention, Black," said the colonel, smiling. "I could believe that. I cannot believe in the stupidity."

Rob was about to bow, but he remembered himself, and retained the proper upright attitude, and said:

"Thank you, sir."

"Can't be anything very serious," he thought to himself.

"I have sent for you, Black, because you seem to be a particularly well-behaved young fellow."

Rob colored a little, and asked himself what was coming.

"And seem very fond of horses."

"Very, sir," said the young man, eagerly, for it seemed to him that in place of punishment or rebuke he was to receive some reward for his sufferings by being appointed rough-rider, or something of the kind.

"I have, of course, noted your skill in their management and your remarkably good seat and pluck, though of course you must learn to ride more after our bad-balance style."

"Yes, sir; I am trying hard to master it."

"Of course, my lad, of course," said the colonel.

"Well, I have been thinking the matter over; and, though it would take you a great deal away from the regular routine of the regiment, the engagement I propose will not be an unpleasant one, and it will give you more time for self-improvement."

"I am very grateful, sir," faltered Rob.

"The fact is," continued the colonel, "the man I have is extremely unsatisfactory. I have no faith in him, and very often when I should like to feel perfectly confident, on account of his being in attendance upon my daughter, who likes to ride rather spirited horses, I am not happy until I see her return."

Rob Black turned scarlet, then deadly pale, and his heart began to beat with a low, dull throb, which brought on a feeling of suffocation.

What did he mean? That he—Rob Black—should ride out in attendance upon Hulda Cope? To be near her, her constant attendant, ready to watch over her and protect her from danger? To ride near her, as he had felt that he would give years of his life for the right only the other day when, half maddened by the agony he felt, he had seen her go out with Captain Miller? It was almost more than he could bear, and, for the moment, as his blood danced through his veins, and a strange singing noise rang in his ears, the intense delight swept away everything else. There was no room for other thoughts in his mind, and he stood gazing straight before him like one in a dream while the colonel went on.

"It is putting a good deal of confidence in you, Black, for the sergeant does not speak at all highly of you; but from what I have seen of your conduct I am disposed to give you a trial—or, no, to make the post permanent, and trust to your sense of manliness and duty to give me no cause for regretting my choice."

To be near Hulda—to see her day by day—to bend down when none other was present to rob him of the duty, making a stirrup of his hands—a stirrup in which she would place her little foot while he raised her tenderly to her seat in the saddle—to be her servant—to listen to the music of her voice—listen to her orders—receive her thanks! What had he done to merit so great a reward? For he loved her—he knew for the first time what love really meant, and this joy—this paradise—was to be really his!

For the form of Hulda filled his mental vision, and he could think of nothing else, while his delicious elation held him enthralled.

Meanwhile the colonel talked on.

"If I found you perfectly worthy of trust you would enjoy several little freedoms that the ordinary men do not possess. You would live better, have a little more money in your pocket, and, of course, be free from the necessity of constantly appearing in uniform, for you would have two suits of livery a year, and—"

The colonel went on talking of the various advantages Rob would enjoy; but as he began his last speech his words fell upon deaf ears, not even an inkling of his meaning penetrating to the young man's brain.

He had realized now most fully the position he would occupy—that of the colonel's groom—his mental. True, he would be in attendance upon Hulda, but as her servant.

What he longed to be—her slave. He had even told himself it would be bliss to become her dog. But there was another side to the matter. He knew now that he dared to love her, and it was impossible to love without his heart being lit up by hope. As a soldier he might, however distant

the prospect, do something to make himself worthy of her love. He might even win promotion, and then dare to approach her; but as her servant—how could she look upon him but as her father's menial?

It was impossible, and Rob felt that he was mad.

Sir Philip talked on calmly about his horses and the steady treatment he liked them to receive—constant attention and kindness; and all this he felt sure Black would give them. But as the colonel talked a tremendous battle was going on, Captain Miller and Lieutenant Hesselton were frequently at Hulda's side, while he, Rob Black, was far beyond the gates of the paradise in which she lived. Here was the key offered to him, and he might enter in, but at what a cost!

Still, there was the present joy—the immediate delight; and the battle which was being waged in his soul was between love and pride, the former gaining so much over the latter that Rob felt for the sake of the present joy he would sacrifice everything, and suffer this degradation for the sake of being near.

"For her to despise me," he mentally said at last. "No, no; it is impossible. I love her, but she would not have me disgrace myself for her sake if it were possible she could return my love. I have lowered myself enough; I can do no more."

"Well, then, Black," he heard the colonel say, and he realized now that Sir Philip must have been talking for some time, "we may look upon it as settled, and upon your conduct depends your reward. Please understand this: I am a man of military promptitude—of few words. I see a great deal, though I say little; and now I think we understand each other clearly."

"Stop, sir—pray stop!" cried Rob, hoarsely. "I'm afraid—I fear I have not been listening so attentively as I should."

"What?" said the colonel, frowning.

"But I think I understand you to say that you wish me to occupy the post of groom in your household?"

"You are quite right, sir," said the colonel, sternly. "Well?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. You will forgive me. Your offer is generous and kind."

"Well, well, my lad, speak out," said the colonel, who looked annoyed.

"I will speak out, sir. I only want to say this: I joined the army to make myself a soldier—in the hope that I might some day gain promotion."

"Have you any friends who will buy you a commission, sir?" said the colonel, shortly.

"None, sir, none."

"Then give up that hope; for, unless by very exceptional good luck, you are not likely to win promotion, save that in good time you may become corporal and sergeant."

"You have been very kind to me, sir, since I joined, and I do not like that you should think me ungrateful, but I wish to serve as a soldier, and—"

"You refuse what I have offered you?" said the colonel, shortly.

"Yes, sir, with all respect, I do."

"That will do. Go, and send that other man, White."

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Did you hear my orders, sir?"

Rob was soldier enough now to know that his duty was to salute and go; and this he did, feeling more discomfited and troubled than he could have believed possible, and looking so rapt and strange as he delivered the colonel's orders to Dick that the ex-butler caught him by the arm.

"What's wrong now, my lad?" he said, huskily.

"Nothing. The colonel is waiting. Go."

Dick hurried off, and heard what Sir Philip had to say. Rob had sent him there, which probably meant that he wished him to accept, and this he did at once.

Nelly Brown was in the hall ready to let him out, and she gave him unasked the information he sought.

"Is Private Black going to be our new groom?" she whispered, eagerly.

"No," said Dick, shortly; "you couldn't make a groom of him."

"Why not?" said the girl, sharply.

"Cause he's the wrong sort."

"Then who is going to be the new man, pray?"

"I am," said Dick, grimly.

"Oh!" ejaculated Nelly, in anything but a satisfied tone; and she shut the door after the last visitor more sharply than seemed in accordance with domestic servants' etiquette.

That night at dinner, as Sir Philip was helping the fish—the only guest present being Lieutenant Hesselton, the mess being wanting in the presence of these two officers upon this occasion—he asked Hulda how she had enjoyed her ride.

Hesselton ceased eating so as to listen to the words of his idol as she sat opposite to him.

"Not very much, papa, dear," said Hulda; "the mare was dreadfully fidgety. I don't think Alfred behaves kindly to her."

"I am sure he does not, my dear," said the colonel. "And so Hulda, my dear, I have arranged for you to have a fresh groom."

"Indeed, papa, dear! I am glad."

"So'm I, if it pleases you," said Hesselton to himself. "I'll give the beggar half a sovereign to make him treat the mare well."

"I've engaged him."

"You have, already?"

"Yes. What do you say to our horse-training young friend—the man who was nearly killed?"

"What! Private Black?" inquired Hesselton, sharply.

"My dear!" exclaimed Lady Cope, and Hulda sat as if turned to stone, her eyes half closed, and a peculiar sensation of dizziness making the candles seem to glide round and round.

"Yes. I thought he would be just the thing. A man who thoroughly understands horses, rides

like a centaur—by-the-way, Hesselton, I suppose a centaur rides, doesn't he?"

"Eh, colonel? Ride? I—er—well—really, I don't see exactly how he could."

Hulda tried hard to listen, but the words spoken seemed confused, and she trembled so that she was afraid she would be observed.

"Well, never mind the centaur," continued the colonel; "I thought Private Black would be just the man, and I had him here this afternoon, and offered him the post."

"Is—anything the matter, Hulda?" whispered Lady Cope, anxiously.

"No—no, mamma, nothing," said the girl, making an effort over herself.

"She is thinking of that horrible scene in the stable," said Lady Cope to herself. "What a pity that she should have proposed him."

"What did he say, colonel?" said Hesselton. "Jumped at the chance, I suppose. Sort of fellow who would."

"Sort of fellow who would not," said Sir Philip, as he went on with his dinner.

Hulda drew a long breath full of relief, though she knew not why—she dared not ask her inner consciousness of this, nor the meaning of many another thought which followed.

"What! Didn't you engage him?"

"No," said the colonel. "He's rather an ambitious kind of gentleman. Expects to rise."

"Confound his impudence," said the lieutenant, with his eyes upon his plate, or he would have met Hulda's indignant glance.

"Quite refused to accept; so I have engaged another man. Glass of wine with you, Hesselton."

Hulda uttered a faint sigh, and went on with her dinner, while Lady Cope felt relieved.

"Capital, steady fellow, I've engaged. As good a horseman as the other, and—you are not taking a bit of interest in it all, Hulda, my dear."

"Indeed, papa, dear, I am," she said, quickly; and a smile began to dawn upon her lips again.

That night, Hulda Cope lay in bed some time, weeping silently; and she asked herself why it was that she wept.

Her own self was very ignorant, very timid, or very false, for her own self said that she did not know.

CHAPTER XVIII.—AN UNEXPECTED AUDIENCE.

"YOU shouldn't do it, Rob Black, and I wish you wouldn't give him money."

"It was only sixpence, Mrs. Dann, and if it makes him happy it's well laid out."

"And I say it isn't well laid out. He'll go straight to the canteen and spend every penny, and sixpence is sixpence, as times go. What are you laughing at?"

"You, Mother Dann," said Jack Thompson, smiling again. "Let the poor fellow go. Pot o' beer and a bit o' tobacco isn't much for one man."

"No, but sixpence is a good deal for one woman, and means more'n you know in a house. Lor' a musky, Rob Black, what a beautiful hand you do write. Will our Chip ever handle a pen like that?"

"To be sure he will," said Jack Thompson, as he watched Chip's efforts as he bent over the barrack-room table, slowly and carefully imitating a copy which Rob Black had set him in a brand-new book; "he'll write splendidly before his starshers have growned."

The trumpeter, who was buttoned up very tightly in his shell-jacket, looked up sharply with a frown of annoyance on his ruddy face, and as he did so the faint dark line of the incipient moustache, rather less marked than the eyebrows, showed plainly in the light from the small-paned window.

"See that, Rob Black?" said Jack Thompson, laughing. "Just you say a word about Chip's starshers, and it sets him on thorns directly."

"Let the lad alone, can't you?" said Mrs. Dann.

"You are always teasing him."

"I don't mind, mother," said Chip. "Let him say what he likes."

"Oh, I don't want to tease him and I don't want to say anything," said the big lancer, giving his eye a droll cock in the direction of Rob, as much as to say, "You see how I'll draw him out;" and then he leaned back against the wall. "But if Chip wouldn't be so proud of that bit of down, and would shave it off regular for about a twelve-month, he'd grow a crop worth looking at."

"You let the boy alone, and hold your tongue."

"All right," said Jack Thompson. "I won't tease him no more. That's the style, Chip: fine in your upstrokes, and bear hard on your downstrokes, and make all your g's and y's with good curly tails."

"He wants me to throw the ink-bottle at him, mother," said Chip. "There, I sha'n't write any more while he's here."

Chip glanced sharply at Rob, as if to see what he would say, and then the lad's brow puckered up and he looked troubled and frownd, as he saw that Rob was gazing dreamily from the window, with his thoughts evidently far away.

Mrs. Dann spread a blanket, which she took off the bed and doubled, over the end of the table, laid a few freshly dried clothes ready, and, taking a holder from where it hung beside the fire, proceeded to try a flat-iron, which was being heated by having one side thrust between the bars of the grate.

Mrs. Dann was a soldier's wife, but a pattern of domesticity, as shown in the neatness of her quarters, where everything which could be made to shine glistened to an extent that would have made it suitable for a mirror had Chip taken Jack Thompson's advice re razors.

Mrs. Dann first tried the flat-iron by holding it a few inches from her cheek; secondly, in a thoroughly homely way, more common than refined, and which resulted in a sharp hiss as if the polished metal resented the moist insult offered by its user.

The heat was evidently correct, for the good woman stooped down, gave the iron a rub in the ashes beneath the grate, polished it with her duster, and then proceeded to smooth over one of Private Dann's shirts—articles of attire worn without starching, as the shirt-front was never shown.

"Lucky chap, Private Dann," said Jack Thompson, thoughtfully. "He never knows what it is to have a button off his shirts."

"No more need you, Jack Thompson, if you ask a friend to sew it on," said Mrs. Dann, giving her iron a thump.

Chip glanced at Rob, who sat with his bare arms folded, gazing away into the distance only seen in his own mind.

"Ever feel the bite, now, Rob Black," said Mrs. Dann.

"Eh? What? From the horse?" said Rob, starting and bringing himself back from dream-land. "No."

Chip took his trumpet down from where it hung by its cords on the whitewashed wall between two ornamental glass rolling-pins, formed by pasting flowers cut from a chintz gown inside the glass, and then filling up with salt.

The trumpet was already bright as it could be, but as Rob dreamed and Jack Thompson smoked in the snug clean room which the two men affected, as they always found a welcome, Chip gave the instrument another polish, and at last re-hung it in its place.

"Ah, you'll want that to-morrow, for the sports," said Jack.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dann, giving her iron a thump, and then placing it upon the old horseshoe, which she used as a stand, while she coaxed the fire about the second shirt-smoother, which was in the course of heating. "Are you going to have a try, Jack Thompson?"

"No, not I. Too old."

"Of course. That's your way always, Jack. Too old! Too lazy, you mean. If you'd had a little more spirit in you, you'd have had a wife by now, and not had to grumble because your linen was not seen to."

"Get out!" growled Jack.

"No, nor I sha'n't get out, neither. Margery Brown would have said 'Yes' ten years ago, if you had shown the spirit of a man. You'll have a try, won't you, Rob Black?"

"I don't know," said the young man, wearily.

"Then I do," said Mrs. Dann. "Chip's going to try for some of the prizes, and so are you. I won't have you settle down into a sleepy-slumbo like Jack Thompson."

The "slumbo" was Mrs. Dann's own invention, and a word of which she was very proud, judging by the number of times she applied it to her lord.

Chip looked pleased, and went to a shelf by the fire, on which lay a common painted violin-case with an instruction-book thereon.

"Ah, that's right, Chip; give us a tune and make our miserable lives happy. He is getting on, Rob Black, and Mr. Jenkins says that he is to work at the key-bugle, too, and as soon as he's a bit on he'll take him into the band."

"To play the fiddle on horseback!" said Jack Thompson, with a bluff-sounding laugh.

"Don't talk nonsense. He's to be able to play the fiddle, so as to be useful when the band's wanted at concerts and balls."

Rob still sat gazing out of the window; Mrs. Dann ironed, and as Jack Thompson smoked, Chip slowly opened the violin-case, took and screwed up the hair of the bow, and then lifted the common, cheap violin from its green-baize case, touching the strings in pizzicato movement so that they sounded terribly out of tune.

"That's right, Chip; go on," said Mrs. Dann.

"I can't play," said the trumpeter, sadly, and with his dark eyes fixed on Rob. "I was only going to try over my exercises, and they will not want to hear them."

"Yes, they will. Tune up, my lad."

Chip obeyed in a slow, heavy way, tightening the screws, and drawing the bow across the strings, filling the room with lugubrious tones, over which Mrs. Dann smiled approval.

"That's prima. He's getting on, isn't he, Rob Black?"

"Yes," said Rob, absently; and he leaned back against the wall and half closed his eyes.

"If I didn't know how hard he works over his drill I should say he was a lazy one, Chip," whispered Mrs. Dann.

Chip frowned.

"There, that's tuning enough, lad!" cried Jack Thompson, cheerily. "Now then, give us 'Money Musk,' or 'The Quaker's Wife.' Something lively, boy."

"I haven't the music," said Chip, quietly; "and I've got to practice the first shift."

He might have said the makeshift, for after standing the music against the wall with the violin-case to keep it from slipping down, Chip began an exercise which, as his stopping was that of quite a new beginner, produced a series of passages so horribly out of tune that in about five minutes the trumpeter rested the end of his instrument upon the table, and, standing with puckered brow, began turning over the leaves of the music-book with the point of the bow.

"Bravo!" cried Mrs. Dann, rattling the iron down on the stand; "I call that getting on."

"For me," said Jack Thompson, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and refilling it. "I couldn't stand any more of that on one day without going on the sick list. That's the tune the old cow died of, Chip."

"I shall never play the fiddle," said Chip, sadly. "It's too hard."

"Nonsense."

The word was uttered so sharply that all turned to look at Rob, who the minute before had seemed to be half asleep. "It seems hard at first, Chip, but you'd soon master it."

"Of course," said Mrs. Dann.



"You don't know how hard it is," said Chip, sulkily, and as if resenting the rebuke.

"Oh, yes, I do," said Rob. "It bothered me once."

"Can you play, then?" said Mrs. Dann.

"Just a little: a gypsy sort of fellow used to come to our ranch in New Mexico, and he tried to teach me."

Chip held out his violin and bow with a scowl.

"You'd better play it, then."

Rob looked in the trumpeter's face with a good-humored smile, and ran the bow across the strings before altering the pitch a little.

"Not quite in tune, Chip," he said; "and you ought to have a better violin than this."

"What? Isn't it old enough?" said Mrs. Dann.

"Yes," said Rob. "Some fiddles get better as they grow old, but some get worse. This is one of the latter. Now, Chip, my lad, which was the exercise? Oh, I see; here we are. 'Practice of the first shift.' Now, look here; draw that A with a good full bow; now stop firmly; and then let your hand glide up and go on just the same as you would with without the shift. What seems so hard now will soon grow easy. Do you see?"

Chip gazed at him with lips apart; Mrs. Dann set down her iron and placed her arms a-kimbo; and Jack Thompson took his pipe from his lips and nodded his head as he beat time, while with the ease of a finished player who could put soul and feeling into his work, Rob played the exercise lightly over, *piano*, and then repeated it with a full bow as loudly as he could draw the sonorous tones from the harsh, coarse old instrument. The notes trilled and ran one into the other, or sounded clear and *staccato*, while the homely barrack-room was filled with harmony, till, half laughingly, the musician ended, and threw himself back in his chair.

"That wasn't Chip's exercise," cried Mrs. Dann.

"It wasn't a bit like."

"Yes, every note as it was written."

"Oh!" ejaculated Chip; and the hard, dark eyes seemed to soften and grow liquid as they rested on the handsome young fellow sitting there in his easy costume of shirt and trousers, bare-armed, bare-throated, and with his countenance animated now, and bright.

"Hooray for Rob Black!" cried Jack Thompson.

"Why, Mother Dann, talk about fiddling, he makes the blessed thing speak."

"Oh, I forget all my music," said Rob, throwing down the bow, but keeping the violin upon his knee, and bringing a note from it now and then by touching the strings with a finger.

"Do, please, play something," said Mrs. Dann, eagerly.

"But I shall be putting poor Chip out of heart," said Rob, smiling.

"No; you will make me work hard to learn," said Chip, slowly. "Please play."

Rob half closed his eyes, and gazed out of the window, as a kind of dreamy feeling came over him of a roughly made veranda outside a log-house, with the sun pouring down its scorching rays on cactus and aloes, and sand and stones, over which the glistening lizards darted, and the blue sky seemed as if it was to be rainless evermore.

He saw horses with high-peaked saddles and large stirrups; mules with gay trappings; dark-looking men with flashing eyes, showy leggings, and sashes in which were stuck knives and pistols; and, for the time being, he was in the Far Western land among vaqueros, and Spanish-blooded gypsy men in the free wild life of the distant land; and it seemed to him that it was one of the little rounded-backed mandolins or guitars which he held, instead of the common German violin.

He struck a chord, then another, and then played *pizzicato* the beginning of a wild minor strain, and, to the astonishment of his hearers, began to sing a sad-toned ditty in bastard Spanish about Chiquita, and her eyes and lips, and her cruelty, the whole made musical with terminations of *ina* and *ita*; and then modulated suddenly from its soft dreamy sensuousness into a wild, weird chorus that thrilled as it held the hearers spellbound. For Rob's voice was rich and full, and as he sang he had forgotten the sordid barrack-room, and dull, foggy England, and was once more leading the free vaquero's life out in the Southwestern land.

He ended with a bold chord and a long-sustained note which died softly away, sustained till it was a murmur, and then awoke to the fact that they had an audience, for Jack Thompson was standing at attention, and Chip had drawn back against the wall, where he was looking across the room over Rob's shoulder at the door.

Rob started to his feet, and at one and the same moment saw Lady Cope smiling, and Hulda, with her eyes dilated and lips apart, gazing earnestly at him.

It was a momentary glance, and then, as the young man drew himself up after the fashion of his messmates in the presence of the colonel's lady, Hulda's eyelids dropped over the dilated pupils, and the cheeks that had worn an intense flush were now pale and calm. There had been one glance into her thoughts, and then the curtain was drawn. All was cold and inscrutable, and as Rob stood there, as stern and haughty of demeanor as she who had surprised him in his strange recalling of his old life, Lady Cope spoke in her sweet, pleasant way.

"Forgive us for listening, Private Black, but the song and its accompaniment took us by surprise. You have been in Spain?"

"In Spanish America, Lady Cope," said Rob, respectfully.

"And do you know Spanish?"

"I used to know the barbarous form of Spanish the men there spoke," replied Rob, quietly.

"Say your ladyship," whispered Jack Thompson, giving Rob a nudge, and a slight frown appeared on Hulda's brow as she heard the words.

"Hush, hush!" said Lady Cope, smiling. "I am very glad to find you practicing a little music

here together. It is such a resource for young men. But I'm afraid you are not musical, John Thompson."

"Not a bit, my lady; but I could sit and listen to Rob Black sing till this day week."

"Forgive me for intruding. I only wanted to speak to Mrs. Dann. No, no, don't go," she added, hastily, as the two lancers saluted and moved towards the door. "I only wanted to say, Janet Dann, that I should like you to go and see Mrs. Simmons. I've been there. She has two children ill, and I'm afraid Private Simmons drinks."

"Like a fish, my lady," said Jack Thompson. "He will do it."

Lady Cope smiled at the big lancer.

"It is very sad," she said. "That is why I am so pleased that you take a delight in music."

This to Rob, who bowed stiffly; and then, as Lady Cope whispered a few instructions to Mrs. Dann, Rob's eyes fought hard with his will, and then lost, for they turned towards where Hulda was standing, to find that she was gazing full at him; but as their eyes met, hers grew so full of haughty resentment that Rob let his drop, and stood motionless, biting his nether lip, and suffering keenly the stabs of anger, mortification and shame.

"How dare I look at her?" he said to himself. "Ha! how dare I? Private Robert Black forgets himself."

"And how far may I go, my lady?" said Mrs. Dann, aloud, delicacy in the matter of alms not being a thing she understood.

"Hush, hush, Janet!" said Lady Cope, holding up her hand. "What you think necessary. Come, my dear."

She gave Chip a kindly nod, and bowed to the two men, while, without a look, Hulda swept past, her dress rustling and continuing its soft silky sound, as Chip held open the door till they had passed to the end of the passage, when he returned to look curiously at Rob.

"Now for another song," said Mrs. Dann. "No, I can't. Jack Thompson, you finish those things. Two hot irons will do it. I must go on to the Simmons' at once."

"All right," said Jack, putting his pipe on the chimney-piece, and beginning to iron as if to the manner born.

"You should have seen Miss Hulda's face, Rob Black, as you sang. She was there a good two minutes."

"What?" said Rob, excitedly; and then, as he saw Chip's eyes fixed upon him, he altered his manner.

"A good two minutes. They came up when you were singing soft, and her ladyship held up her finger. Then you altered the tune, you know, and rattled it off loud, and her red lips parted, and you could see her white teeth shining, and her eyes seemed to say just what I thought—it was lovely. There, I must be off to the Simmons'."

As she spoke, Mrs. Dann busily tied on her bonnet and shawl, then giving a sharp nod, she went off on her mission of mercy.

"Going, Rob, lad?" said Jack Thompson, thumping away with the iron, and doubling the articles over in the most artistic form.

"Yes," said Rob, and he left the room without seeing that Chip was standing with the violin in his hand gazing after him till he passed out of sight.

Rob went straight to the barrack-room, and threw himself upon a bench as if to sleep, but only to try and lull the agony of his brain; and by a curious similarity of action, Hulda Cope, after taking off her bonnet and scarf, had thrown herself upon her bed, burying her face in her hands, as she said hoarsely:

"I want to see him low and degraded—what he really is; and I only see him when—oh, Heaven help me, am I going mad?"

(To be continued.)

#### A SOUTHERN REVOLUTIONARY COMMEMORATION.

THE battlefield of Guilford Court House, at Greensborough, N. C., although hitherto little celebrated in a commemorative way, was the scene of one of the most glorious events of the struggle for our national independence—namely, the defeat of Cornwallis by General Nathaniel Greene, on the 15th of March, 1781. The people of North Carolina, however, have always proudly held in reverence this ground sacred to patriotism; and last year the Guilford Battleground Company was organized with the purpose of preserving and adorning the grounds on and over which the battle was fought, and of erecting monuments and other memorials to commemorate the heroic deeds of the American patriots who participated therein.

The 5th of the current month, being the first anniversary of this organization, was chosen as the date of its first celebration, which hereafter will take place annually, on the anniversary of the battle. The programme arranged was stirring and brilliant, and its success was crowned by large crowds and fine weather. Special trains were run from all parts of the adjacent counties. Liberty poles and a grand stand had been erected on the old battleground, which comprises sixty-two acres, under the control of the Association. The pyramid of granite marking the spot bears the following inscription: "Guilford Battleground, Thursday, March 15th, 1781." A keeper's lodge, a reception-room and a museum have been provided, in the latter of which are seen swords, muskets, cannon-balls, flintlocks, etc., all of which have been gathered from time to time, and which were used in the memorable battle. An old cannon made in Scotland and used in the engagement has also been handsomely mounted by the Association.

The ceremonies, which were witnessed by fully 10,000 people, began with the procession, led by Governor Scales and his staff, followed by the State officers, members of the Supreme Court and other State judges, the clergy, invited guests, city and county officers, civic and benevolent associations, four companies of military and brass bands. At the grand stand, the Rev. J. E. Mann opened the exercises with prayer. An historical oration was delivered by Mr. David Schenck, President of the Battleground Association, who was highly com-

plimented by Governor Scales. A salute from the ancient cannon brought the exercises to a close.

The festivities, in full swing, are depicted on page 221; and supplementary sketches give some amusing reminiscences of the artist's visit to this picturesque scene. Here are the "crackers" from distant parts, who have come in their quaint old covered wagons, and are camping on the old battleground. Characteristic of the country region round about, also, are the women in enormous Shaker bonnets, and chewing sticks from the sweet-gum tree.

REV. B. B. WARFIELD, D. D.,

NEW PROFESSOR OF SYSTEMATIC AND POLEMIC THEOLOGY AT PRINCETON.

REV. BENJAMIN BRECKINRIDGE WARFIELD, D. D., the fourth Professor in the Chair of Systematic and Polemic Theology in Princeton Theological Seminary, was inaugurated as such on Tuesday, May 8th—Commencement Day—in the presence of the Faculty, Undergraduates, a large body of the Alumni, and others from abroad, the Boards of Directors and of Trustees, and representatives of the College of New Jersey. An inaugural address was delivered by him, the theme of which was, "The Idea of Systematic Theology Considered as a Science," after which Rev. James T. Lettwich, D. D., of Baltimore, gave him, as usual in such cases, a charge in behalf of the Board of Directors, who had chosen him to the office.

Dr. Warfield was born in Lexington, Ky., November 5th, 1851, and is consequently now a little over thirty-six years of age. As a part of his name indicates, he is connected with the Kentucky family of Breckinridges. In 1871, not being quite twenty years old, he was graduated from the College of New Jersey, and in 1874 from the Princeton Theological Seminary, whence he went to Germany, spending a year in study at Leipzig. During three years subsequent to his return to the United States he was stated supply of churches in Kentucky and Ohio, and in Baltimore, Md. In 1878 he became an instructor in the Western Theological Seminary at Alleghany, and the following year its Professor of New Testament Literature and Exegesis. The same year he was ordained an Evangelist, the rules of the seminaries requiring of all their professors ordination. In 1880 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from his Alma Mater. Finally, last year he was unanimously elected by the Board of Directors of Princeton Theological Seminary to the Chair of Systematic and Polemic Theology, a position occupied for several years prior to his death by Rev. Archibald Alexander Hodge, D. D., LL. D., who had succeeded his renowned father, Rev. Charles Hodge, D. D., LL. D., who in turn had succeeded Rev. Archibald Alexander, D. D., LL. D., the first professor in the institution.

The duties of his chair were entered upon by Dr. Warfield at the beginning of the present seminary year, but he has not been inaugurated until now. He is popular with the students and with publishers. Much has been written by him for the Press. Last year a work of his, entitled, "An Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament," was published in London, and re-published in New York. He edited the volume of the anti-Pelagian writings of Augustine, preceding it with an elaborate essay, which forms a part of Dr. Philip Schaff's edition of the Nicene and Post-Nicene fathers. The authorship of several articles in the Schaff-Herzog encyclopedia is to be attributed to him. When the *Didache*, or Teachings of the Twelve Apostles, discovered by Bryennios, was made public in the United States, Dr. Warfield was prominent in its criticism, and his labors in this direction were received with much favor by the literary public. His shorter articles for the periodical Press are very numerous, and are to be found in most publications where theological literature is represented; as the *London Expositor*, the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, the *Presbyterian Review* (North and South), the *Homiletic Review*, and others. A commentary on the Second Epistle to the Corinthians is now in course of preparation.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MR. MAGNUS VOLK has applied electricity to propel a dog-cart. The current is provided by sixteen accumulators capable of keeping up a supply for six hours. The cart travels nine miles an hour on asphalt.

TO MAKE an ink for hand-stamps that will not injure the rubber: Mix and dissolve two to four drams of aniline color, in fifteen ounces alcohol; add fifteen ounces glycerine. The solution is poured on the cushion and rubbed in with a brush.

AN approximate idea of the amount of manganese contained in steel can be ascertained by means of the magnet. A magnet capable of lifting thirty pounds of ordinary steel or iron will only lift a few milligrams if the metal contain twenty per cent. of manganese. So small a quantity as eight per cent. of manganese will nearly neutralize the magnetic attraction.

A COMPANY organized several years ago for the production of hydrogen by means of passing superheated steam over red-hot iron discovered that in this process the surface of the iron is affected in such a way as to successfully resist rusting. Experimenting further, they claim to have found a method for protecting iron and steel from atmospheric and chemical corrosion.

A RESIDENT of Cartwright, Ont., has invented a machine for catching and killing potato-bugs. It resembles a wheelbarrow with a fan on each side of it, and is propelled in the same way. It is wheeled between two rows of plants from which the fans sweep the bugs against a centreboard, on striking which they fall between two rapidly revolving rollers, and are crushed to a pulp. The motive power is obtained from the wheel. It works effectively.

A UNITED STATES NAVY officer has invented a life-saving device for the dreaded emergency of "man overboard" which promises to be of value. A raft-buoy of sufficient size to support a man is attached to the vessel by a long and strong but light wire rope. The buoy is stocked with a small supply of provisions, and is furnished with a potassium compound which upon contact with the water ignites and burns brilliantly for twenty minutes. If the drowning man, aided by the flame, succeeds in reaching the raft, he can be drawn to the vessel without the necessity of lowering boats. Should the rope break and his own vessel lose track of him, he has, with the provisions, a chance of sustaining life until picked up by others.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THREE THOUSAND persons have been drowned by a flood in the Canton River, China.

THE differences between the United States and Moorish Governments have finally been settled.

THE County Local-option Bill was killed, last week, in the New York Assembly, by a vote of 61 to 53.

THE Fisheries Treaty has been reported adversely to the Senate, and its rejection is generally expected.

A ST. LOUIS newspaper claims to have discovered that the key number of the Donnelly "Cryptogram" cipher is 222.

THE Bill providing for the execution of murderers by electricity has passed both Houses of the New York Legislature.

GOVERNOR HILL has vetoed the Bill repealing the Half-holiday Law, except during the months of June, July, August and September.

THE Chinese Government has decided to erect monuments to General Gordon on the scenes of his victories over the Taiping rebels.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, the handsomest church in Buffalo, was wrecked on the 10th inst. by an explosion of natural gas, followed by fire. The loss is about \$100,000.

JUDGE TULEY, of a Chicago court, has rendered a decision that children born in slavery were illegitimate and cannot inherit property from the father even though the parents were legally married.

THE Supreme Court of Illinois has affirmed the decision of the lower courts in the Cook County bootleggers' cases, and the defendants will all have to serve their terms of sentence in the State penitentiary.

THE New York Senate has rejected the Bill authorizing the Forest Commissioners to grant leases of five-acre plots of the State's lands among the Adirondacks for five years to applicants for such leases.

IN the Georgia Democratic Convention, last week, the Protective Democrats were overwhelmingly defeated, and a delegation to the National Convention chosen that is solid for Cleveland and the Mills Bill.

BOTH Houses of Congress have agreed to the proposed conference of the United States, Brazil and the Republics of Central and South America in Washington, for the promotion of commercial relations and to decide on methods of arbitration.

THE official returns of the elections of Municipal Councilors in France in 361 urban districts show that the Republicans were victorious in 206 districts, and the Conservatives in sixteen districts. In the other 139 districts second ballots will be necessary.

AN address signed by 3,730 Dissenting ministers was last week presented to Mr. Gladstone, expressing their sympathy with him in his efforts to reconcile England and Ireland. In reply to the address, Mr. Gladstone expressed entire confidence in the final triumph of Home Rule.

THE Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas, which, a month ago, ordered Mr. Keely to exhibit and explain his motor within thirty days, has granted an extension of the time sixty days longer, as the machinery is in a dismantled condition and some new parts will have to be made.

THE wheat crop of the great Central States, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, promises to be not half as large as the yield of these four States in 1880, but part of this is because the land in those States is too valuable to be used in raising wheat at eighty cents a bushel and has been turned to more profitable crops.

AT a caucus of Democratic members of the House of Representatives, last week, more than a hundred amendments to the Mills Bill were submitted. Mr. Handall refused to offer his anywhere but in the House, and it is confidently stated that at least twelve Democrats have decided to oppose the Bill, a number more than sufficient to defeat its passage.

THE President has vetoed the Bill for a \$100,000 public building at Allentown, Pa. Some comment is made thereon, in view of the fact that the Bill was fathered by Congressman Sowden, one of the most pronounced protection Democrats in the House, who openly says that the President seems to be trying to discipline him for his tariff views. But if the veto shall have the effect of stopping the raid on the public treasury, it will find genuine approval.

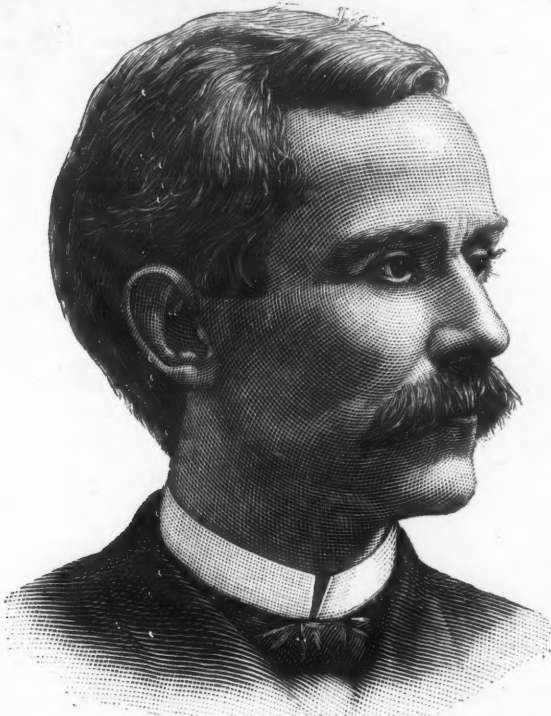
THE United States Senate has ratified the new Chinese treaty, providing for the strictest exclusion of Chinamen from the United States for the next 20 years. Amendments made to the treaty provide that its prohibitive features shall apply to those now absent from the country, regardless of any certificates they may hold, and that the classes privileged to return may land only on presenting certificates issued subsequent to the present time.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says that the Republicans have perfected their Tariff Bill. Congressman McKinley explains that the reason the Bill has not been presented is, it would have been referred to the Ways and Means Committee and there buried. By waiting until the Mills Bill has been reported to the House for passage from the Committee of the Whole, the Republicans will have the right then to offer their Bill as a substitute, and that is the programme agreed upon.

PRINCE BISMARCK is said to have expressed to Mr. Carl Schurz his positive conviction that the peace of Europe will be maintained. As bearing upon the situation, it is stated that the Russian military chiefs who recently assembled in St. Petersburg declared that Russia would not be in a position for a long time to attack any European power. Even her defensive forces, they said, were too weak, owing to lack of railways. It was decided to construct three lines toward the Austrian frontier, at the cost of 13,000,000 rubles.

A PACKAGE reached the Treasury Department at Washington, on Saturday week last, from the American Exchange National Bank of New York, purporting to contain \$41,000 of national bank notes for redemption. Upon being opened it was found to contain nothing but brown paper. An examination of the sealed label disclosed the fact that it had been neatly cut from its original place and pasted on the bogus package. Whether the substitution was effected in New York or in Washington after the package arrived has not yet been determined.





ILLINOIS.—HON JOSEPH W. FIFER, REPUBLICAN  
CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

PHOTO. BY MOSHER.

HON. JOSEPH W. FIFER,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS.

IN the nomination of Hon. Joseph W. Fifer as their candidate for Governor, the Republicans of Illinois have wisely recognized the younger element of the party, while at the same time honoring

an acknowledged representative of its best impulses and highest intelligence. Mr. Fifer, who is now in his forty-sixth year, was born at Staunton, Va., but settled, while yet a youth, in the western part of McLean County, Ill., and began farming with his father in a small way. The elder Fifer was very poor, and a rude log-cabin sheltered him and his family. During the four years from 1857 to 1861 young Fifer was employed in the rough work of clearing his father's new farm, and, when the state of the farm would permit, in the occupation of laying brick as the assistant of his father, who was a brick-mason by trade. In 1861, upon the outbreak of the Civil War, young Fifer enlisted in the Thirty-third Illinois Infantry, and served in the ranks as a private, following the fortunes of the regiment until, July 13th, 1863, he was desperately wounded in an assault on the rebel intrenchments at Jackson, Miss. Late in 1864 the young soldier, having, by virtue of a strong constitution, recovered from his wound, entered the Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington. By dint of hard work in vacation times he kept himself in college, and graduated in 1868. In 1867, while still in college, he began the study of law at Bloomington, and in the year 1869 was admitted to the Bar and commenced practice. Two years later Mr. Fifer was elected Corporation Counsel of Bloomington, and in 1872 State's Attorney. He held the latter office until 1880, when he was elected to the State Senate, in which body he served four years. His reputation as a lawyer and man of business earned while State's Attorney obtained for him positions on the Senate Committees on the Judiciary and Judicial Department. His experience in the enforcement of the criminal law had suggested some important changes in the criminal practice, which he took an early opportunity to have incorporated in the statutes of the State. Two of the most important of these were the law in reference to continuances and the law regulating changes of venue in criminal cases. In 1884 he retired from the Senate to resume the practice of law. Mr. Fifer is widely known as one of the most effective stump speakers of Illinois, and it is anticipated that the canvass will be marked by more than ordinary vigor and enthusiasm. A self-made man of the best type, he will fill the Executive office of his State with credit to himself and profit to the people.



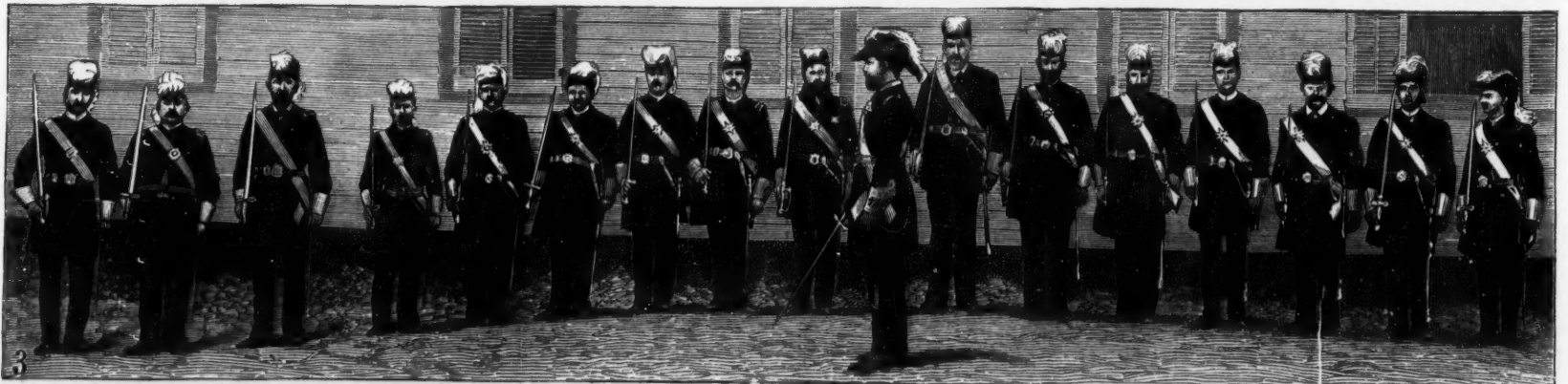
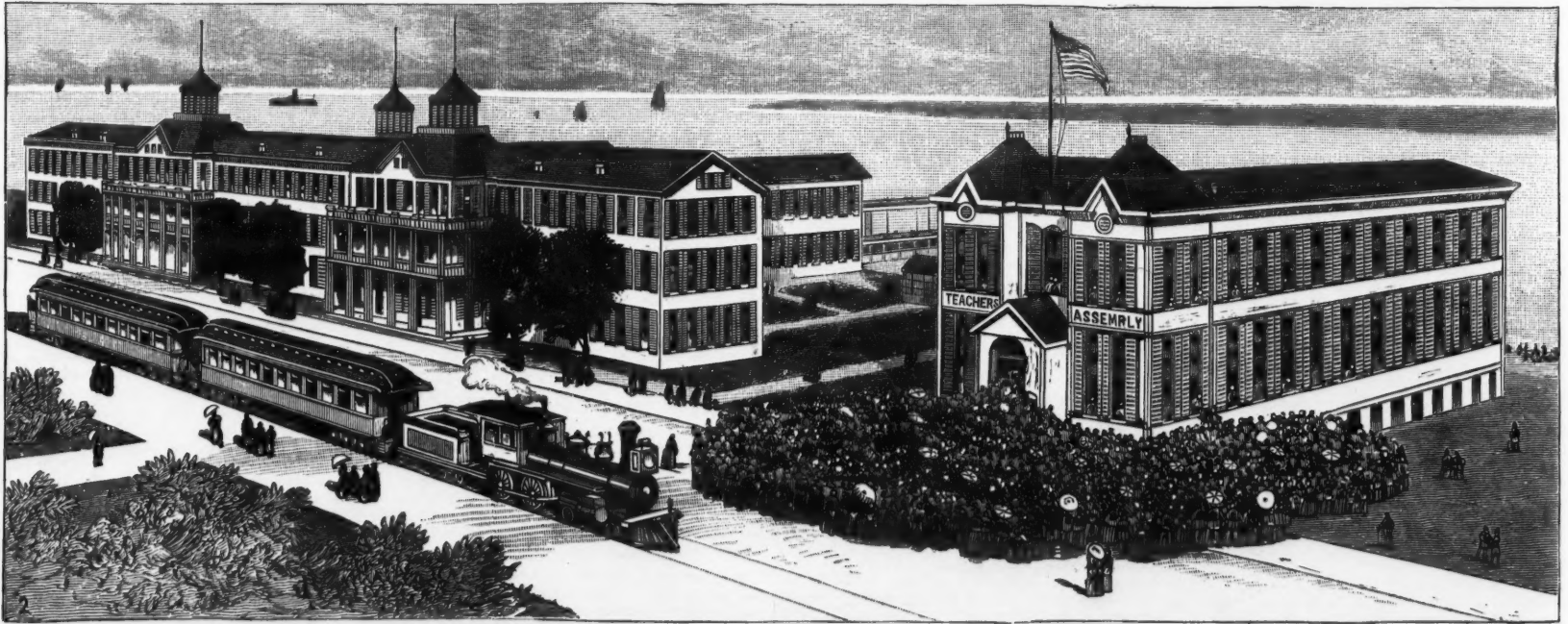
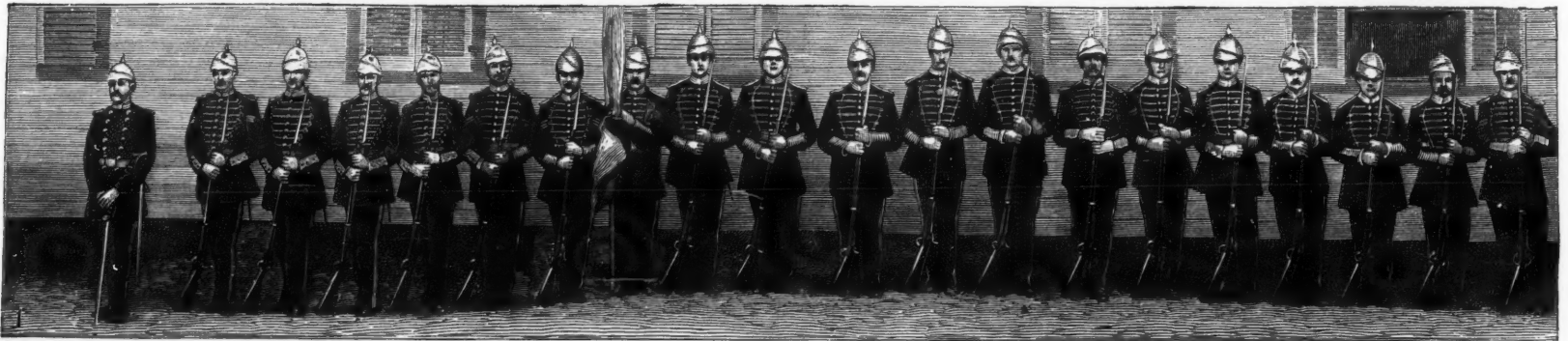
NEW JERSEY.—REV. BENJAMIN D. WARFIELD, D.D., THE  
NEW PROFESSOR OF SYSTEMATIC AND POLEMIC  
THEOLOGY AT PRINCETON.

PHOTO. BY SPERBER.—SEE PAGE 219.

#### THE OLD FISHERMAN'S GARDEN.

THE weather-beaten old fisherman of New England's rocky coast cannot, as a rule, rest at evening beneath his own or anybody else's vine and fig-tree, because Nature is stern in that region and indulges in no such luxuriance and grace. He can, however,

gladden his eyes with the sight of a flower-garden unique of its species. It consists of a few handfuls of enriched earth packed in a superannuated boat beside the cottage-door, and planted with geraniums, portulacas, petunias and other time-honored favorites,

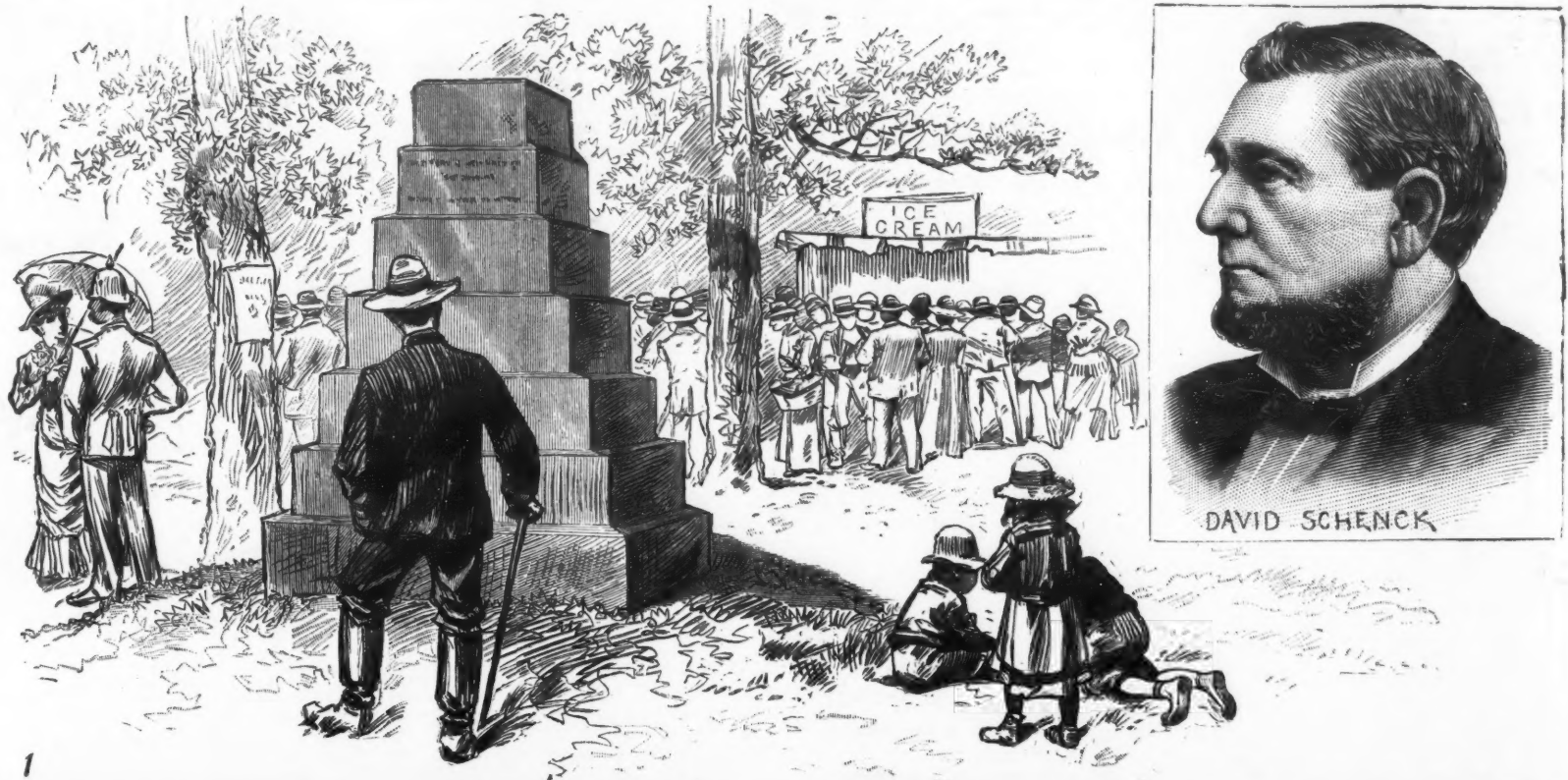


1. DETACHMENT OF GOVERNOR'S GUARD. 2. GENERAL VIEW OF THE ASSEMBLY BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS. 3. KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, ESCORT OF HONOR.

EDUCATION IN THE OLD NORTH STATE.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE TEACHERS' ASSEMBLY BUILDING AT MOREHEAD CITY, MAY 1st.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHARTON.—SEE PAGE 214.





1. THE MONUMENT. 2. SCENE ON THE BATTLEFIELD: THE ORATION. 3. VISITORS FROM THE BORDER. 4. A LOVER OF SWEET GUM.

NORTH CAROLINA.—COMMEMORATING THE HEROISM OF REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOTS—GRAND CELEBRATION ON THE HISTORIC BATTLEFIELD OF GUILFORD COURT HOUSE, MAY 5TH.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 219.



which blossom brilliantly in the Summer sunshine. The history of the battered old dory which, after tossing in many a fierce storm on the gray Massachusetts Bay, is now anchored to such gentle and sweet employment, is not unlike that of the old salt himself, as he sits tranquilly at his door in the afternoon of a life, devoted to the budding flower of girlhood that smiles beside him.

#### OUR BIGGEST BUTCHER.

In a recent interview with a Chicago Tribune reporter, Mr. Philip D. Armour said: "You can put down our entire distributive sales last year at \$60,000,000. This is exclusive of Board of Trade transactions, of which I haven't the figures, but presume they would add many millions. It was a pretty good year for hogs, and we just naturally slaughtered about 1,831,000 of them. Cattle, you know, have been plenty, and it is safe to say that we killed 525,700 of them. Sheep have also been plentiful; of them we slew about 118,000. Here is a table of the chief items of the rest of the business.

	Pounds.
Made pork, all kinds.....	16,280,000
Made beef, all kinds.....	23,354,000
Made lard, all kinds.....	69,183,000
Made oil, all kinds.....	11,842,000
Made dry-salted meats, all kinds.....	107,312,700
Made sweet pickled meats, all kinds.....	66,733,000
Made smoked meats, all kinds.....	60,306,400
Made canned meats, all kinds.....	33,296,500
Made fertilizers, all kinds.....	37,078,000
Total pounds.....	425,285,600

#### RECLAIMING WASTE SALINE LANDS.

"NATURE" says that an interesting experiment in the planting of waste saline tracts in India has been carried out by Mr. Maries, superintendent of the gardens of the Maharajah of Durbhunga. The results have been communicated to the Agricultural Department, Bengal, and are contained in the last report of the Director. Mr. Maries says that six years ago, when he went to Durbhunga, he did not know what to do with patches of saline soil, on some of which not even weeds would grow. He dug the soil to the depth of two feet, and planted it thickly at the commencement of the rainy season with trees which had been grown in pots till they were about three feet high. In three years the ground was filled with roots, and to all appearances the salt had gone. When the trees were thinned out last year, leaving only the best, the ground was found to be in good condition. Similar experiments have been carried out in other places, and now Mr. Maries has splendid plantations growing on soil which a few years ago would not even grow a weed. He employed various kinds of trees in his reclaiming operations, but he says that the best were the *Inga saman*, or rain-trees, and the *Albizia procera*. The former is most valuable as producing an enormous quantity of surface-feeding roots, and these decaying yearly, leave a rich vegetable deposit on the soil. The trees soon completely change the character of the soil. The timber is excellent for fuel, and the trees bear lopping well. It is such an enormous water-absorber that it would most probably be very useful in swampy places as a fever-preventive, like the willow which is planted in China around the villages in the rice districts.

#### FUN.

**HIGH LICENSE.**—A balloonist's permit to navigate the air.

**A narrow escape.**—A six-inch wide ladder on the outside of a six-story building.

**It is said the soldiers of Russia are sleeping on their arms.** They could not very well be sleeping on their legs.

**If a man and a half throws a bootjack and a half at a cat and a half in a night and a half, how many cats and a half will be hit in a month and a half?**—*Mobile Register.*

**YOUNG LADY (to artist).**—"What do you consider the best thing you ever drew, Mr. Palette?" *Artist.*—absently—"Oh, an ace to two aces and a couple of jacks."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

**"WELL, Dolly,"** hiccoughed Jim Downey, down in Warsaw, the other evening, "I have about concluded to join the Improved Order of Red Men." Dolly looked up from her sewing, and very quietly remarked that she thought he had better join the Improved Order of White Men. And this was why silence reigned in Warsaw.—*Boston Transcript.*

With the recurrence of each season the Erie Railway issues for the benefit of the public a book styled, "Summer Homes on the Picturesque Erie," containing a full description of hotels, boarding places, and other attractions along its line. The book for 1888 has been carefully compiled and information amplified, making it more valuable than any previous issue. It can be obtained at any ticket office of the Company free of charge. "Suburban Homes" is of an entirely different style, and intended for the information of those contemplating a permanent residence.

All lovers of the delicacies of the table use ANGSTURA BITTERS to secure a good digestion.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE.

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.

#### TO NERVOUS MEN.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous, debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

#### What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks.  
Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE  
SUPPRESSION OF VICE,  
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1888.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

"OUR  
Climate is so  
Changeable!"



"So say we all of us." Fair to-day; stormy to-morrow. Warm sunshine this morning; freezing and chilly by to-morrow noon. No wonder so many people are sick! The list of the ailments which come in the Spring is long and large:

**BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, LIVER COMPLAINT, Nausea, SPRING FEVERS, SICK HEADACHES, DYSPEPSIA, DIZZINESS, RHEUMATISM, CONSTIPATION, LASSITUDE, LANGUOR, DEBILITY, LOSS OF APPETITE, &c., &c., &c., &c.**

Don't trifle with yourself this Spring. Prepare for all the ills which our changeable climate brings. Nothing like Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient. Tested and approved by physicians and the public for over forty years. All druggists sell it.



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre or Thick Neck, and Eating Sores or Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties, if taken in time. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh in the Head, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

**WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA**  
The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspepsia and Children. Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**  
A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.  
E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

**BOKER'S BITTERS**  
THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL  
Stomach Bitters,  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.  
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r,  
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

\$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 50 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address J. A. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S  
Oriental Cream or Magical Beauifier



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N. Y.

For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers throughout the U. S. Also found in N. Y. City at Macy's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's, etc.

#### The Finest Meat-Flavoring Stock.

USE IT FOR SOUPS,  
Beef Tea, Sauces and Made Dishes.



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N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

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GLASGOW and LONDON DERRY.

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Belfast, \$50 and \$60. Second Class, \$30.

Steerage, outward or prepaid, either Service, \$20.

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INGLASS OR WOOD, FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED. RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS. FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS. THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE, N.Y.

**RUPTURE**  
Absolutely Cured in 30 to 60 Days by Dr. Pierce's Pat. Magnetic Elastic Truss, worn with ease and comfort night and day. Cured the famous Dr. J. Sims of N. Y. and hundreds of others. This truss, free of charge, sent to you on receipt of 10 stamps. Address: MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 304 N. 6th St. ST. LOUIS.

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CHEAPER THAN  
SOLD ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Buy direct of the manufacturer and pay no Agents' commissions or dealers' profit. SEND FOR PRICES AND ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. Also Manf. of WIRE FENCE NETTINGS, STABLE FIXTURES, Vases and Lawn Ornaments, "Hoosier Calf Weaner," ALL KINDS OF WIRE WORK at Factory Prices. Address: BARBER IRON & WIRE WORKS, LAFAYETTE, IND., or 100 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

**CANCER CURED!**  
Dr. J. D. & C. H. MONICHAEL, 63 Niagara St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**RUPTURE**  
Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. Horne's Electro-Magnetic Belt-Truss, combined. Guaranteed the only one in the world generating a continuous Electric & Magnetic current. Scientific, Powerful, Durable, Comfortable and Effective. Avoid frauds. Over 9,000 cured. Send stamp for pamphlet. ALSO ELECTRIC BELTS FOR DYSPEPSIA. DR. HORNE, INVENTOR, 191 WARREN AVE., CHICAGO.

**TO ALL** suffering from Nervous Debility, Wasting Weakness of Body, Mind, etc., I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and strength, free of charge. A splendid medical work. Should be read by every one who is weak, nervous and debilitated. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

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Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.  
Use PERRY'S MOth and FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.  
For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.  
BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

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**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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Sold on its merits. Guaranteed free from Horse Motion. The only Two Wheeler vehicle that is absolutely free from Horse Motion. Send for free circular. "How to purchase direct from manufacturer." SYRACUSE, N. Y. BRADLEY & CO., 88 Murray St., N. Y. 89 So. Market St. Boston.

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Offer special inducements in high-class French and English Woollens, made to order.

Suits from \$25.00 Up. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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**CATARRH**  
Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

**PILES** Instant relief, final cure in a few days, and never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address, J. H. REEVES, 79 Nassau St., New York.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

**EPPS'S COCOA**  
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.  
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

**Golden Hair Wash**

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

**THIS INK IS MANUFACTURED BY J. H. BONNELL & CO. N.Y.**



## "Try Ayer's Pills"

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Costiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be—'Try Ayer's Pills.'"

"By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cured myself permanently of rheumatism which had troubled me several months. These Pills are at once harmless and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient

### Rheumatism.

No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.

C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."

"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

### Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

#### A Great Offer.

No MATTER in what part you live, you had better write to HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine, without delay; they will send you free information about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. A number have earned over \$50 in a day. Both sexes. All ages. You are started in business free. Capital not needed. Every worker who takes hold at once is absolutely sure of a snug little fortune. Now is the time.

## Disgusted

with the old door mat that don't half clean the feet? Try the Hartman Patent Steel Wire Door Mat. It's neat, strong and DOES what it's made for. Their Steel Picket Fence don't cost much and would improve your place.

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Furthermore, every trial year subscriber, for either of the papers will receive free by mail our new 1,000 pattern Stamping Outfit. Trial year subscriptions will be received for either of the papers as follows: 1 subscription and 1 outfit, 25 cents; 2 subscriptions and 2 outfits, if sent at one time, 50 cents; 4 subscriptions and 4 outfits, if sent at one time, \$1. For \$1 send a dollar bill, but for least send 1-cent postage stamp. Better at once get three friends to join you, at 25 cents each; you can do it in a few minutes and they will thank you; papers will be mailed regularly to their separate addresses. While trial year subscribers are served for much less than cost, the rule that a locality their fair share of a very large proportion of all who read either paper for a year, want it thereafter, and are willing to pay the regular price of 75 cents a year, through this, as time rolls on, we reap a profit that makes us glad. The trial year subscriptions are almost free, and this the *Regal Queen of Stamping Outfits*—the best ever known—is entirely free. It is the greatest and best offer ever made to the public. Large sales of patterns—every size that can be desired is included; all other outfits surpassed, by this, the best, the most artistic, the *Regal Queen*. Below we give a list of a few of the patterns; spaces too valuable to admit of naming all: 1 Poppy for heart; 2 1/2 inch; 2 Tidy design, 7 1/2 inch; 3 Splendid floral design, 8 inch; 4 Golden Rod, 4 inch; 5 Pond Lilies; 6 Pansies; 7 Moss Rose Buds; 8 Tube Roses; 9 Wheat; 10 Oak Leaves; 11 Maiden Hair Ferns; 12 Boy; 13 Girl's Head; 14 Bird; 15 Strawberry; 16 Owl; 17 Dog; 18 Butterfly; 19 Apple Blossom; 20 Calla Lily; 21 Anchor; 22 Morning Glories; 23 Japanese Lilies; 24 Rabbit; 25 Bunch Forget-me-nots; 26 Fuchsias; 27 Bell Drops; 28 Fan; 29 Crown's Head; 30 Cat's Head. 70 other splendid patterns are included in this *Regal Queen* of stamping outfits—in all 1,000 patterns. Safe delivery guaranteed. Possessing this outfit any lady can, without expense, make home beautiful in many ways, can embelish children and ladies' clothing in the most charming manner, and readily make money by doing stamping. Lustrous, Kensington and Hand painting for others. A good stamping outfit is indispensable to every woman who cares to make home beautiful. This outfit contains patterns for each and every branch of needle work, flower painting, etc., and the *Book of Instructions* makes all clear and really easy. This outfit will do more for home and LADIES than many times the amount of a trial year subscription spent otherwise; no home should be without it. The beautiful designs of this *REGAL QUEEN* of outfits ARE ALL THE HIGHEST wherever seen; when ever one or two reach a locality their fair share, and many TRIAL YEAR subscriptions usually follow. Many who have paid from \$1 to \$5 for outfits and were satisfied until they saw our designs, have secured our outfit and laid aside forever the others. Those who subscribe will find the papers well worth several times the trifling cost of a trial year subscription, and the majority will make up to us the loss that this year we incur, through such a low price, by continuing subscribers, year after year, at the regular price, which all will be willing to admit is low enough. The money will gladly be refunded to any one who is not fully satisfied. Address: GEORGE STINSON & CO., BOX 279 PORTLAND, MAINE.

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Offer the following special inducements in all-wool Cheviots, suitable for tailor-made Dresses:

2000 yards, 44 inches wide, at 65 cents per yard.

Checked and mixed all-wool Cheviots, forty different colorings, 75 cents per yard.

2200 yards, 54 inches wide, at 85 cents.

2500 yards, 54 inches wide, \$1. These goods are in small and medium-sized broken Checks, and are very desirable.

500 pieces, 21-inch colored Surahs, 65 cents per yard.

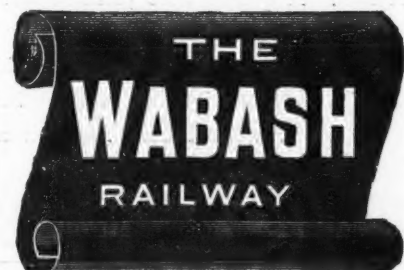
300 pieces, 24-inch figured all-silk Bengalines and India Tusahs, \$1 per yard.

Fast Black Lisle Thread Hose, warranted not to rub or crack, 35 cents to \$1 per pair.

Samples will be sent on application and orders by mail promptly attended to.

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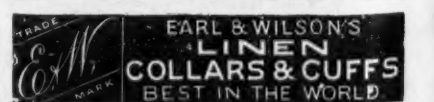
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